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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

MISS MYRTLE ABERCROMBY

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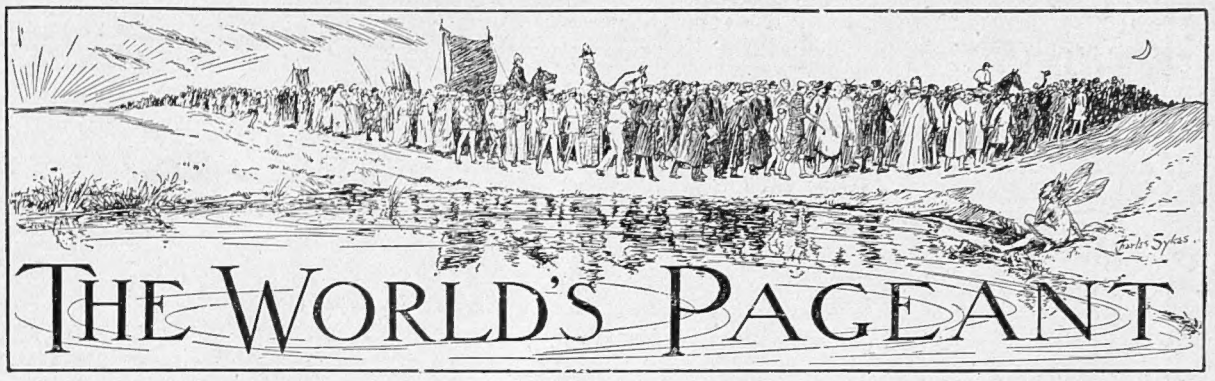


THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Perish the Thought!

THE thought that, in the merry month—or perhaps, even in the showery one—we are again to undergo the horrible experiences which we endured in January is repellent. But the nation may bear up. If a spring Election is, owing to the impotence of the Liberals to carry on the King's Government, forced on us, it will not be quite the same thing as the winter one. For one thing, we shall not take it anything like so seriously. We shall be ever so much more sceptical of the adjectives and epithets of either side, and shall dismiss with scant courtesy the demagogue who tries to stir us up about anything. Neither the horrors of unemployment on the one hand nor black bread and horseflesh on the other are quite so effective on a May day as they are beneath the black skies of the New Year.

Lord Newton
A back-bench peer, foremost in the movement against the hereditary privilege

Both Sides Out

The Election will come and go, and it will settle less than nothing. For neither party at the moment enjoys the respect of the British people. The Government has failed to govern, the Opposition to oppose. Neither side has shown itself "game," and both will meet with the punishment of losing their stalwarts. Had the Conservatives, instead of tamely letting things slide, attacked the Government fearlessly on all occasions, in the House and on the platform, there is little doubt that the Election would have been theirs. But they fought and ran away; and the penalty they will have to pay.

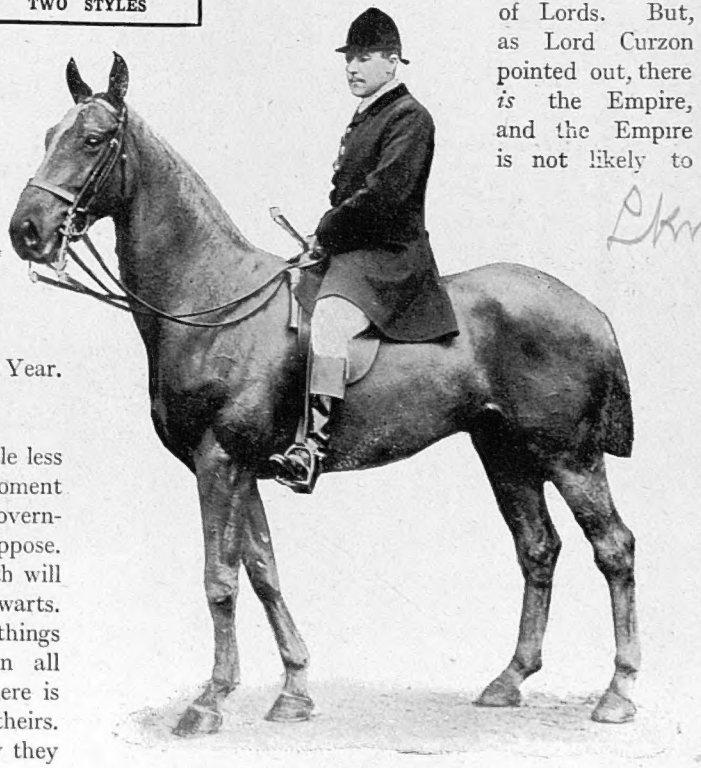
Rosebery as Unionist Leader

The only body of men which has appealed in the least to the imagination of the people is the House of Lords itself. In that Chamber something like a fight has been put up, and if only Lord Rosebery were leading the Unionist party at this moment, there would be the best of chances of a victory. Is it quite out of the question that, with Mr. Balfour's retirement, owing to his repeated attacks of cold and his constant absences from the field on critical occasions, the noble Earl may be induced to assume the Constitutional lead? He commands, more than any living man, the support of what is best in the nation and in both parties.

What of the Empire?

Lord Rosebery has the one workable programme before the country—Reform of the Lords on existing lines. That is what the nation and the Empire both want. To destroy the historic Chamber, whose forefathers secured Magna Charta, and to substitute some brand new machine, would be un-British. True, an elected Senate may be a more logical affair than a reformed House of Lords. But, as Lord Curzon pointed out, there *is* the Empire, and the Empire is not likely to be specially gratified at a change which makes the Upper House a purely British domestic affair, with no historical atmosphere and no Imperial responsibilities.

"BACKWOODSMEN": TWO STYLES



Lord Willoughby de Broke
A back-bench peer who is willing to go to the country to defend the existing House, "backwoodsmen, black sheep, and all." He made the most amusing and daring of all the speeches in the great Lords' debate, and is well known to sportsmen as M.F.H. of the Warwickshire

Caught by the Camera at the "National"

Wanted, An Elective Cabinet!

If one is to start "reconstructing" there are many things to be tackled besides the Lords. If we are only to be ruled by our own elect, what of the Cabinet? A more scandalously undemocratic institution could not be conceived. By whose decree is an Asquith Premier, a Lloyd George Chancellor, a McKenna First Lord? By their own, and only their own, or that of their party caucus. The "people" and the House of Commons have no more say in the choice of their Ministers than they have in those of China or Japan. An incompetent man may sit at the Admiralty, the Treasury, or the War Office, and inflict incalculable harm on the nation, yet the nation has no power whatever to move him. When I hear good Commoners talk about the "people's prerogative," I am inclined to ask them to leave the House of Lords alone and look nearer home. That the Cabinet, which we pay to administer our services, should be elective, is far more important than that the Lords, to whom we pay nothing, should be. There are, of course, numbers of other items on the programme of the Constitutional Reformer, but an Elective Cabinet should easily be the first. I commend it, with due respects and my compliments, to Lord Rosebery.

Lady Helen Grosvenor at Aintree

A Large House-Party

There was an extraordinarily large attendance at Aintree on the day of the Grand National; but it *was* cold, and every now and then heavy snowstorms swept across the course in a blinding fashion. It was a great race for the National, but far too many horses fell. Twenty-five started, and only five returned to tell the tale. Lord and Lady Derby had a very large party staying with them to meet the Prince of Wales, and their guests included Count Albert Mensdorff, Lord and Lady Essex, Lady Crewe, Lord Somers, Lady Edith Villiers, Mr. and Mrs. George Lambton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and in all about thirty-eight people—not bad for one house-party.

The Countess of Crewe (left) and the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton at Aintree

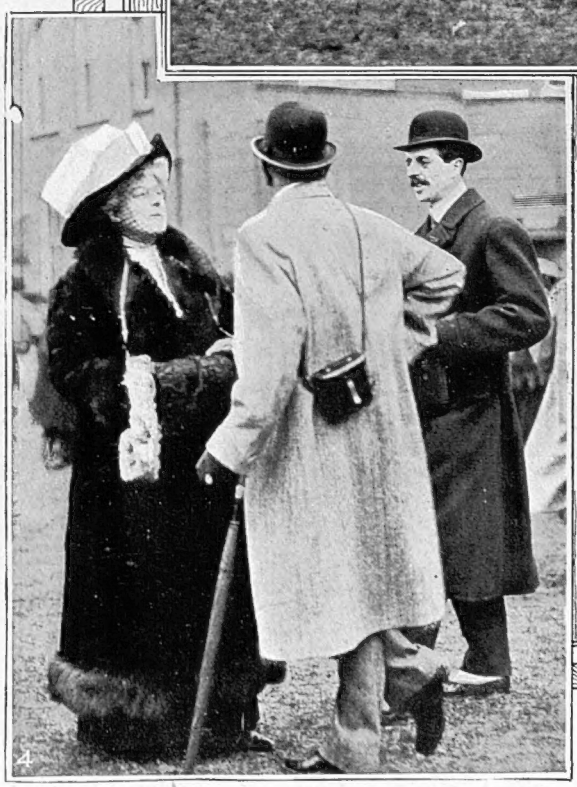
People at the National

Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker brought several people from Gateacre Grange, including Lord and Lady Ilchester, Lord Alington, Lord Dalmeny, Lady de Trafford, Captain and Mrs. Harry Greer, Miss Naylor, and Captain Denhurst. Others of interest to be seen at the races were Lord and Lady Gerard (the latter wearing beautiful furs and a becoming tricorne hat), Lord Hugh Grosvenor and his sister, Lady Helen Grosvenor, Muriel, Lady Helmsley, Lord and Lady George Dundas (the latter with such a short, short skirt!), Lord and Lady Cole, Lady Dunedin (a sister of Mrs. George Keppel), Lady Garioch, Lady Victoria Stanley (the débutante daughter of Lord and Lady Derby, who is to be presented at one of the forthcoming Courts), Lady Theo Acheson, and others too numerous to mention.

This Year's Hats

Nothing very wonderful was to be seen in the way of clothes at Aintree, although one or two ladies fondly imagined that they were doing rather a fast thing by appearing in Chantecler hats, which consisted of a toque covered with cock plumage suggesting that the unfortunate fowl had been frightened to death, and on the bird's head was a jagged piece of red flannel, supposed to represent a comb. By the way, what do you think of the hats that have been sent over from Paris for the coming season? I do not refer to the size, although they are bigger than ever, but to the price. I'm told you can get really nothing fit to be seen in under £14 14*s*., and Georgette is asking as much as £28 for a foolish trifle of feathers and straw. Ask any really smartly dressed woman what she paid for hats four or five years ago. She will say very little more than £5, and that was for rather special confections. The present extravagance in women's headgear is ridiculous. Don't think me a Jeremiah, but is there any necessity to pay such absurd sums for a hat that only lasts a season at most? At Aintree I saw a modest little straw hat about the size of a washing-basket, another of a similar size which bore 469 roses, and a trophy of purplish-mauve ostrich feathers that strangely reminded me of the plumes one used to see on hearses. It sounds cheerful, does it not?

Short Skirts at Aintree



1. Lord and Lady George Dundas 2. Miss Drexel and Viscount Maidstone (who are engaged) 3. The Parade before the Grand National
4. Mrs. Hall Walker 5. Major Bradford Atkinson and Lady Gerard

The Grand National makes a bigger appeal than any other race, including the Derby, to sporting people. Hundreds go to see it who attend no other race meetings in the year. There were not so many Frenchmen this time, but more Americans than ever. The enormous crowd thoroughly enjoyed the thrills of the race, but were disappointed to see Jenkinstown a comparative outsider, win from the heavily weighted Jerry M., the latter being "Carbine's" selection. The race began in a snowstorm, but the weather on the whole was pleasant enough. A notable sartorial feature was the shortness of the ladies' frocks

Matters Matrimonial

Wobbling Advantages

In only one respect can the horribly wobbly condition of the present political situation be construed into an advantage for the country. It has kept people in London, and caused them to spend at home

Photograph *Rita Martin*

Lady Susan Yorke

The Earl of Hardwicke's sister, who is to marry Captain A. A. C. FitzClarence, Royal Fusiliers, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on April 7

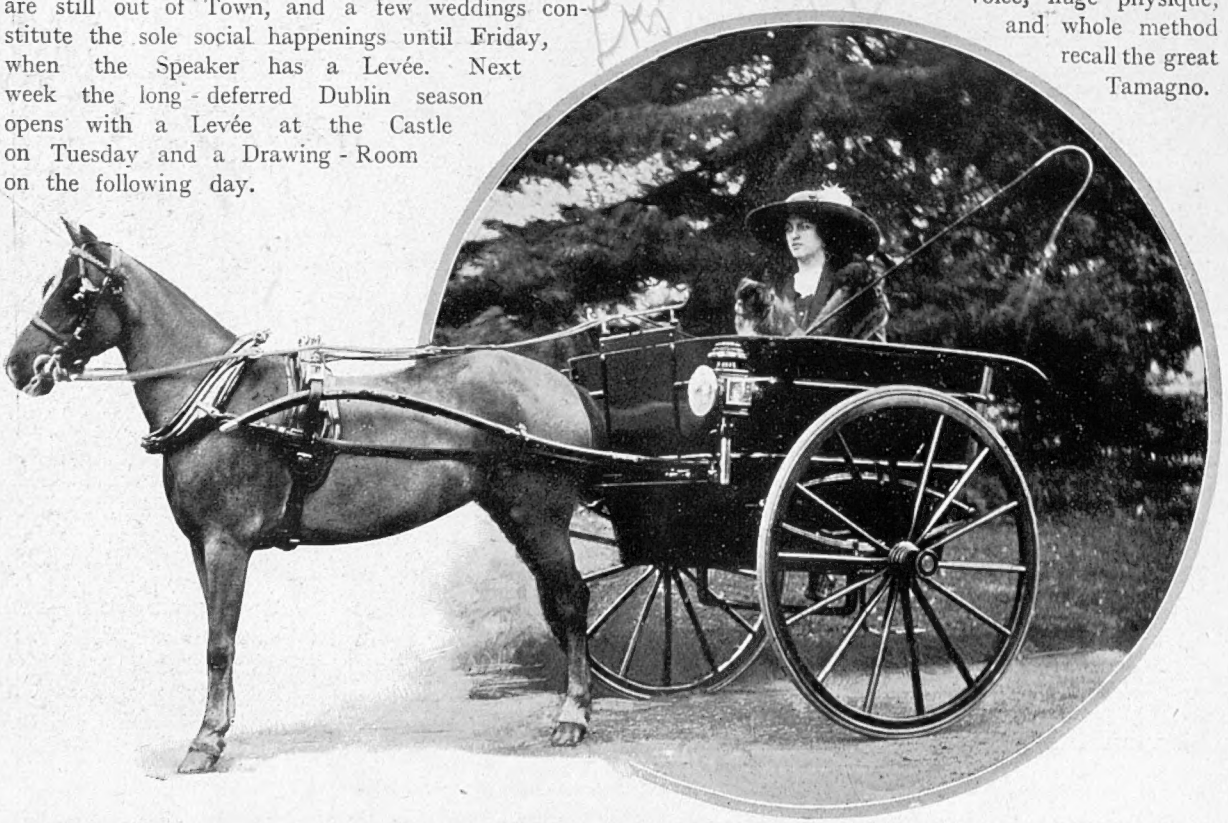
the money they, as a rule, at this time of the year, dispose of in less patriotic but more pleasurable manner in the South of France or in Egypt. In consequence the pre-Easter season, though short, was really quite brilliant. This week, of course, people are still out of Town, and a few weddings constitute the sole social happenings until Friday, when the Speaker has a Levée. Next week the long-deferred Dublin season opens with a Levée at the Castle on Tuesday and a Drawing-Room on the following day.

Divorce Made Easy

I don't think those gentlemen in St. James's Square who have been advocating so earnestly cheap divorce facilities for the poor can have realised that by such recommendations they have seriously jeopardised the means of livelihood of the writing fraternity. Divorce at present is chiefly the luxury of the upper, or, at any rate, the moneyed, classes, of the people who drive huge motors, lunch and dine at the biggest expense possible every day, and simply *have* to wear diamond tiaras. When, therefore, the novelist makes a divorcée of the heroine of his latest book or play he at once, without further trouble or knowledge of his subject, creates an atmosphere of smartness, of the gay, great life which — witness the popular plays of the day—is what the public wants. Once make divorce a common or garden article, obtainable as easily in Peckham as in Mayfair, and all the glamour is gone! The public won't come to see, much less *pay* to see, what they can get any day at home for practically nothing. And so a promising industry will be ruined.

The Opera Season

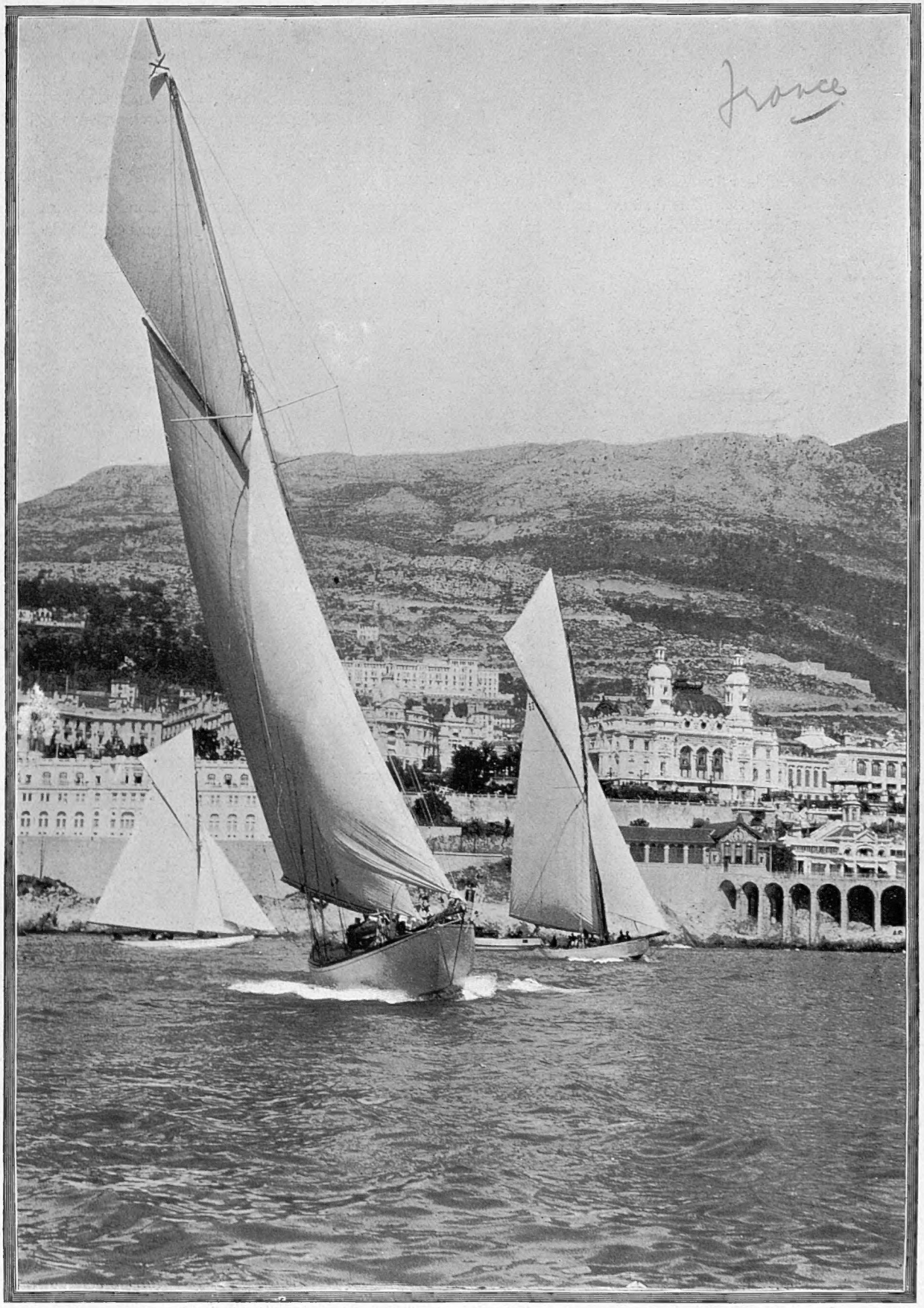
Election or no election, there is going, it seems, to be a very fine opera season this year. As a foretaste we have had Mr. Beecham's highly successful tenancy of Covent Garden Opera House, but for the Grand Season Madame Melba will be heard again in England, while Signora Tetrazzini, Frl. Destinn, and the beautiful and charming Madame Maria Kousnietszoff are also promised stars. The newest tenor is Zerola, a singer whose huge voice, huge physique, and whole method recall the great Tamagno.



Photograph *F. G. Christopher*

The Countess Poulett, taken in the Grounds at Hinton St. George

White Wings on the Azure Coast



YACHTS IN MONTE CARLO HARBOUR

There are many private yachts just now on the Riviera coast, and seen from the sea the graceful vessels and the white palaces of Monte Carlo make a very lovely picture

The Polaire Star at the Palace

The Craze for Ugliness

At the Alhambra we have "The Polar Star"—at the Palace the Polaire star. The latter theatre is crowded nightly by all sorts and conditions of people, attracted by the repute of the latest exponent of decadent dancing to visit London. It is obvious that we are not yet satiated with ugliness. The ephemeral sensation offered to us by Maud Allan as Salome whetted our appetites for the savagery of the Apache Dance at the Empire. Then came the serio-comic animalism of the two Vampire Dances. There were

Pictorial Criticism: Mr. H. M. Bateman's Impression of Mlle. Polaire and her assistant at the Palace Theatre

Writing of Polaire in the *Morning Leader*, Mr. James Douglas says: "I have never seen a human being so patently and so stupendously droll and comic and ridiculous and absurd. She was a screaming travesty of conventional villainy—I mean conventional Parisian villainy. No caricaturist could possibly carry caricature to such extremes as she carries it with absolute unconsciousness. She is a caricature of herself and she does not know it. She is a caricature of Paris and she does not know it. As a caricature she is delightful beyond words. She ought to be a boulevarde poster, for she is the quintessence of the Parisian *affiche*"

come like a breath of fresh air after a day in a coal-mine. Polaire is amusing enough, perhaps, in Paris, where she comes from, and where, so to speak, she harmonises with the atmosphere. But over here, where, just now and again, the clean wind from the sea *does* penetrate, she strikes a note which it is polite to call discordant.

Skating in Paris

As is usual in sporting matters, London has set the fashion for Paris. Roller-skating, now on the decline

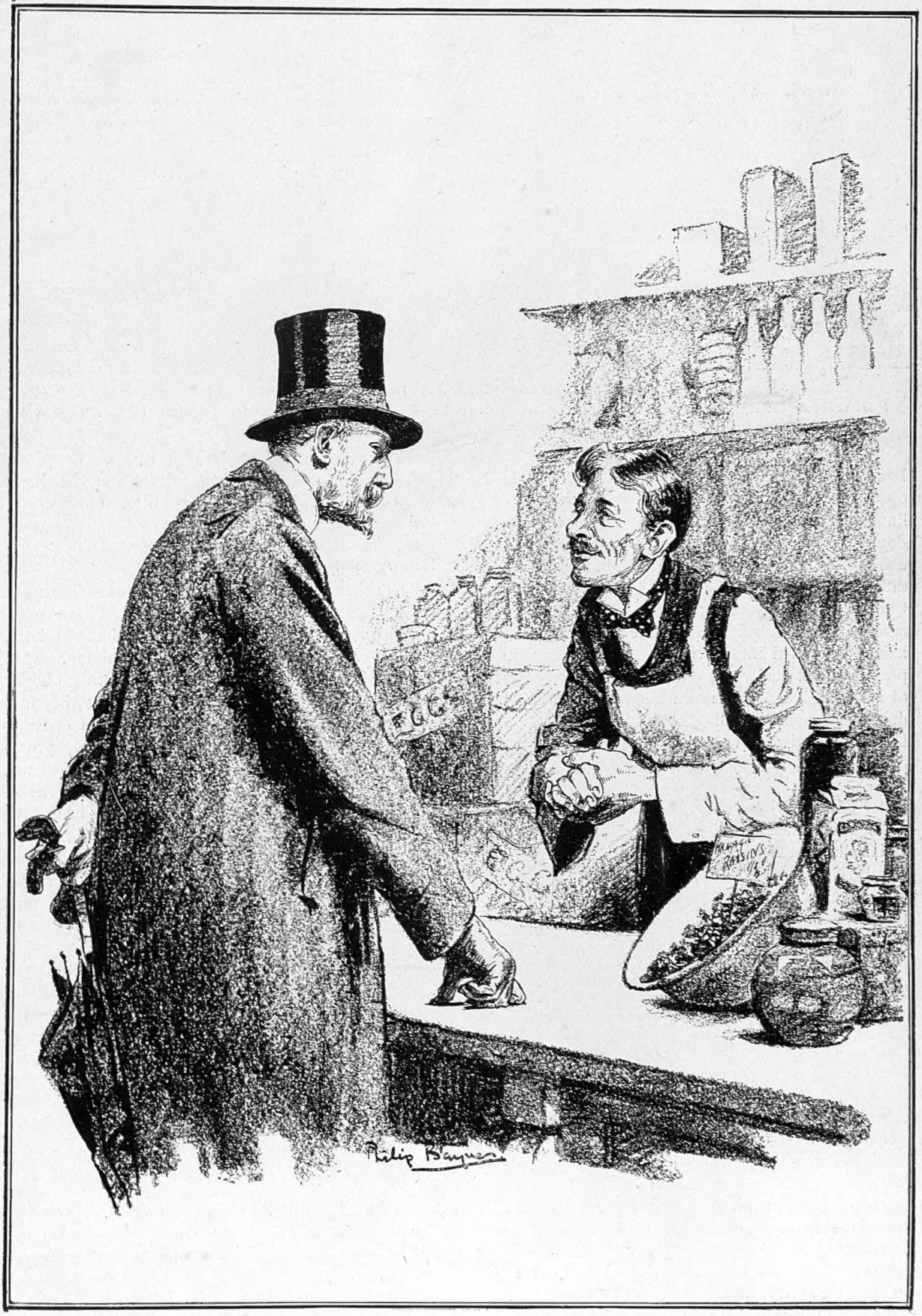
others—but it seems dreadful to revive their memory just as Spring—sweet and untainted—is upon us.

L'Affiche

What an amazing creature is this Polaire, with her elf-like figure, red French heels, savage mat of black, short hair, and inhuman dancing! In a later turn, Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson's delightfully out-of-door personality and Grecian postures

here, I found, on a flying visit to the French capital last week, to have become, practically in an hour, the *chic* thing. A month ago "wheeling" was a pastime left to the democracy. To-day the Palais de Glace in the Champs Elysées is deserted in favour of the American Rink, and to go roller-skating after dinner is, in Paris for the moment, the end of every man's, and also woman's, desire. Parisian skating etiquette, by the way, seems to be rather according to

The Retort Unexpected



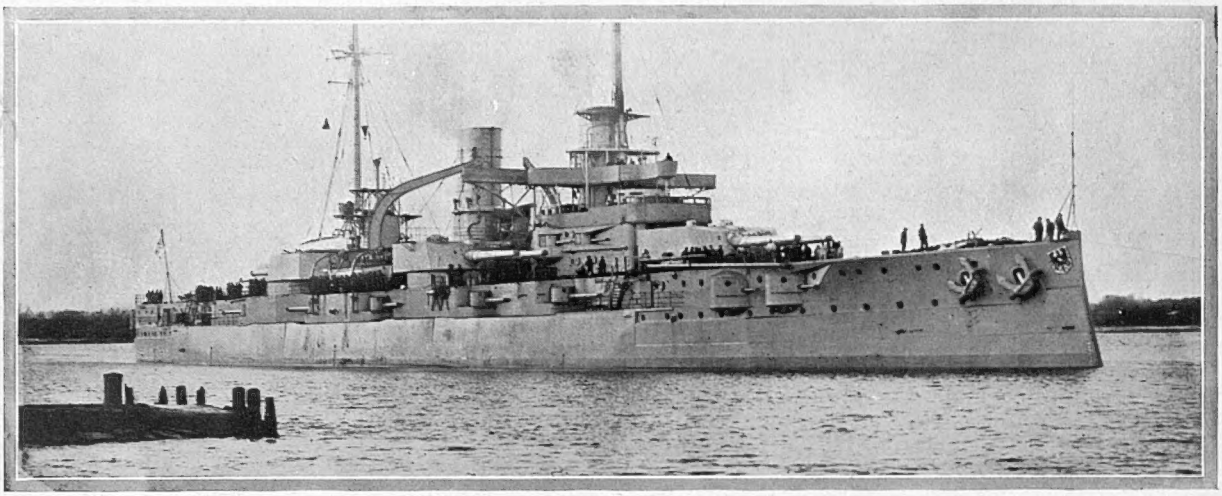
OVERHEARD IN OUR VILLAGE DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

Pushing Young Grocer (to local M.P.): "Ha, good morning Mr. Rogers! I presume you want my renewed support in this coming contest"

M.P. (unexpectedly): "No, I don't, young man, I want a tin of sardines, and look sharp about it!"

BY PHILIP BAYNES

Judicial Changes, Recent and Rumoured



Germany's Super-Dreadnought, the "Rhineland"

This tremendous warship has just been placed in commission. It is the largest battleship in the German Fleet, mounting twelve 25·50 guns on deck, six in the turrets, and ten 17·50 on the under-deck

Mrs. John Lane's delightful "Maria." "The lowest class don't know and don't care; the middle class don't know and does care; and the upper class knows but doesn't care." The Paris *mondaines* doubtless *know* all about etiquette, even upon the rink, but certainly they didn't seem to care in the least. From Italy I hear that Queen Elena has taken up the craze with avidity, and is so keen that actually the Throne Room of the Palace has been turned into a rink, on which Her Majesty practises continually the outside edge and all the rest of it. The King, too, is learning, but slowly. "He does have some fearful falls!" writes my correspondent.

The Life Judicial

Regarding recent judicial changes, I understand it was hardly on account of "that tired feeling" that the extremely hale and hearty late President of "The High Court of Lies," Sir John Bigham, now Lord Mersey, resigned his illustrious position on the Bench. The judicial manner of life, which consisted of rising at 5.30, retiring at 8.30 (both sharp!), and rarely dining out, was calculated to prolong activity until the Greek Kalends. If rumour speaks true, the late Judge's regularity of rising and retiring was a source of some domestic embarrassment, and there are some people who hope that his retirement from the Bench will develop in his lordship a little much-needed laziness.

New Appointments

As to the rumour that Lord Alverstone will shortly resign, certainly the Lord Chief's Court has been vacant for some time, but a visit to his Shanklin house recently revealed him in the best of health and spirits. I don't think Lord Alverstone is likely to "oblige" the Government by retiring in order that they may make Robson or Rufus "Chief." And, apropos of resignations and appointments, Anglo-Indians, I hear, are anxiously awaiting the announcement that some "strong man" is to be sent to India to succeed the present Viceroy, whose indiscriminate and wholesale pardoning of seditious natives would appear to have had already the most disastrous results. A letter from Madras indicates that serious trouble is brewing. The natives, it says, openly insult the Europeans, even spit at them in the streets. Englishwomen, the terrors of the Mutiny never absent from their minds, are doing pistol practice, sleep with loaded revolvers under their pillows, and carry one always upon them.

The Lord Chief Justice, whose Resignation is Rumoured

Lord Alverstone spent the Easter holidays at Alverstone House Shanklin. He recently motored from Shanklin and attended the meet of the Isle of Wight Foxhounds on his estate

The Most Hated Man in Prussia

ALSO A CHANCELLOR, THOUGH NOT OF THE EXCHEQUER

Photograph *Topical Agency*

The Chancellor of the German Empire, Excellency von Bethmann-Hollweg (left), with his adjutant, Count von Hohenthal, taking a ride on horseback in the Tiergarten, Berlin, March, 1910

The Chancellor, as the introducer of the Prussian Franchise Bill, has aroused against himself an amount of hostility compared to which that excited by Mr. Lloyd George's Budget is the balm of Gilead. Riots of all sorts, and much bloodshed, have been the order of the day in Prussia ever since the Bill was introduced

DOWNWRITINGS

(The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondent)

THE NEED FOR NO NEW PAPERS

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—Your wire received. So you think, do you, that "new papers" would be a good theme for my "caustic pen"? I'm sorry I don't quite see it. To ask my opinion, in the present state of the British bookstall, of a new paper, is about as tactful as to ask my opinion of a strong cigar on a Channel steamer in a cyclone. There are times when one is disposed to criticise certain things; and there are times when one is not. The present is not that at which any journalist who is a gentleman should offer the British public anything new in papers. We are, to-day, nauseated with journalism. We wish to be left quietly alone with that which we have already, with difficulty, absorbed. To continue to place before us new *réchauffés* is the act of a vulgarian. If the novelties that are offered us partook of the character of olives or salted almonds at a banquet—things silently insinuated into our neighbourhood as correctives—they might be tolerated. Supposing the journalistic tone of the day to be serious, there is room for a quipster, quickly; if it is an age of flouts and gibes and sneers, then we are the better for a sudden sermon. But no such delicate dietetics are known to the *hôteliers* of Fleet Street. Their policy is to watch the dish that the public is devouring, and then madly to rush at it with a repetition of that same dish. If one type of paper attracts the public, it becomes multiplied until we are maddened with it. One *Family Herald* generated families of heralds; for the *Tit-Bits* we deserved we received *Tat-Bits* we did not; *Answers* of which we may once have stood in need, were followed by a holocaust of wholly unsolicited information, instruction, and entertainment. A supposed public desire for knowledge Mainly About People, eulogistically related, brought after it torrents of buttermilk, principally about personalities. Celebrities lived in perpetual fear that they would, at any moment, find themselves credited with new virtues or reminded of old and disused ones. Latterly, there came a reaction in favour of rudeness, and in the wake of the first paper to be really rude followed bellowing droves of bovine imitators.

The lazy public of a moment indicated a preference for news served up in pictures rather than paragraphs. At its imaginary bidding there gathered over the white surfaces of the newspapers vast murky clouds called, by the gods who outrolled them, "snapshots." And in response to a taste for pictorial prettiness, there came upon us crowds of comely women, more or less warmly attired, nice picturesque babies, quaint buildings, lovely landscapes, all printed on smooth, sumptuous, shiny paper, and held together by wholly innocuous but generally quite inaccurate descriptive letterpress.

The above are, one and all, instances of the way in which modern journalism slavishly follows rather than leads public taste. One of your bolder spirits will think, at one moment, that he has located the fugitive public taste, and will gallop off in warm pursuit. You let him get well after the quarry, and then, far behind him, off you all go in the same direction. To execute a flank movement and catch it in another direction—that you never do. You follow your leader, whoever he may be, and are an obedient, painfully conscientious pack.

Originally, a man became a journalist because he had something to say to the public, and his own way of saying it. Now, journalism is simply a trade, a field for the exploitation of capital. "These fools," reflects Midas, "seem to want rubbish to read. Now what new kind of rubbish can we discover for them, out of the sale of which we can all make our fortunes, and incidentally exploit our own reputations?" Hired brains get to work, and at last there evolves something which looks new. By all sorts of dodges and devices, and elaborate advertising in posters and in papers, the poor public is bluffed and bullied into buying the new thing, and another "stupendous journalistic success" is recorded. All the time Truth, the fair lady whose rescue is journalism's rightful object, remains at the bottom of her well.

Regarding the journalist, as I do, as rightly the mantle-wearer of the prophets, there is, to me, no more scandalously incongruous sight than a journalist millionaire. Instead of going about the earth in a loose robe and sandals, uttering truths, he wears a silk hat, a fur coat, and utters oaths. Instead of driving to heaven in a chariot, as the result of the good he has done, he scorches over the earth in a motor-car as the result of evil he has done. Instead of living on locusts and wild honey (or whatever Mr. J. Lyons provides as their modern equivalent) he dines at the Carlton, Prince's, and the Ritz. A stupendous journalistic success, Sir, is most likely a stupendous fraud. If journalism is the truth, it has no earthly business to succeed. What prophet or philosopher or thinker ever grew rich—honestly?

I have no objection to a journalist being well-to-do, but I prefer to think that it is because, in his spare time, he keeps a shop or an inn, backs horses, speculates in rubber, burgles, runs a charity, or at all events makes money out of something less illegitimate than poisoning the public mind. I had rather see in the enjoyment of public luxury the late Mr. Palmer, who did, at all events, confine his poisoning activities to human bodies.

To conclude with a reference to the original point—*new* papers. I say there is no need of them. There is need, and always will be, of the Truth; but there are already in existence sufficient journals—such as THE BYSTANDER—where this can be displayed. For a man directly he acquires the courage of a new set of convictions, to start a new paper is no more necessary than to build a new theatre for every new playwright. A man with an idea in journalism can surely find a "shop" for it already without adding to the unbearable burden of the bookstall. DOWNWRITER.

Another Fashion Note

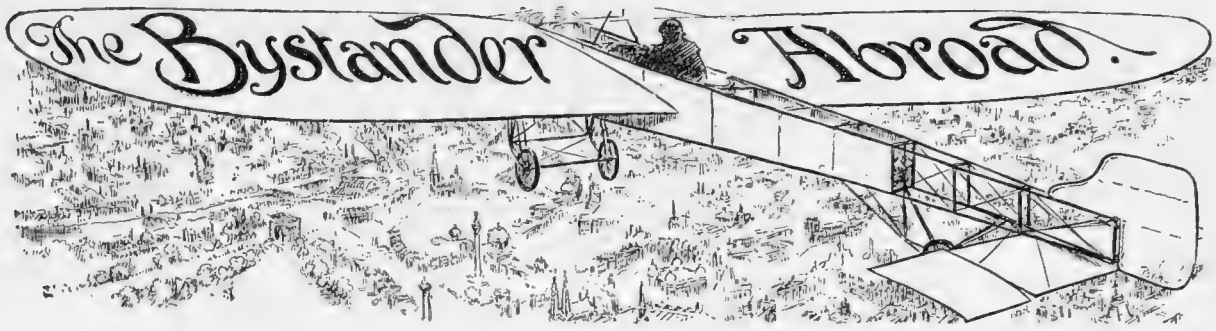
Is this the "Little Girl" costume which we are assured is to be the vogue this spring? And if so—will the wearers act up to it?

BY LEWIS BAUMER

The Home-Coming of the Commander-in-Chief of the China Station

VICE-ADMIRAL HON. SIR HEDWORTH LAMBTON, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. (centre, nursing white dog), SURROUNDED BY THE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "KING ALFRED"

Vice-Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton, who has just vacated the command of the China Station, should arrive in England in a few weeks' time. He is coming home in the old flagship H.M.S. "King Alfred." He has been a most popular Commander-in-Chief in the Far East. This photograph was taken at Hong Kong previous to the departure of the "King Alfred"



The German Finances

"*Tout à la Paix*" seems to be the watchword on the Continent at the present moment. There is a decided reaction against war and excessive armaments. Germany is in a particularly bad way, having had to borrow the necessary money, so that she has made her Navy a charge on generations to come, while the life of her ships is not equal to the charge of keeping up her programme. A German friend writes me that a feeling of despondency is growing throughout the country. The heavy taxation of food imports has raised the price of necessaries to the point of causing universal discontent, and now it has become evident to everybody that Germany has not the accumulated wealth to enable her to have at the same time a huge Army and a powerful Navy. Hence the recent declarations of Count Metternich and the German Chancellor. Pan-Germanism is dead, and the whole attention of the country is now concentrated on how to make both ends meet.

The Bankrupt Balkans

Russia is in almost the same state of moral collapse, and the Balkan States are now thinking of nothing but how to keep out of national bankruptcy. On their credit depends whether they will get more money from France, their traditional banker, or not, and French investors are asking what guarantees can be given that the expenditure will be kept within reasonable bounds.

The Austro-German Entente Commemorated in Marble

A fine bas-relief of the two Kaisers, which was unveiled recently by the Emperor Wilhelm in Berlin

King and Kaiser

The German Chancellor's visit to Rome is also connected indirectly with this universal longing for an era of peace. His interview with Cardinal Merry del Val was connected with the religious war in Prussia. The Cardinal is himself a man of Liberal ideas, and having the charge of the material interests of the Vatican, it is of the greatest importance to him that the faithful should not have to fight expensive political battles. Still speaking of Germany, there is a proposal on foot in Berlin to make King Edward's visit to the Kaiser on his way to Marienbad one of exceptional cordiality. Feelers are being sent out by the Press assuring the public that all misunderstandings between the Kaiser and his uncle have now completely disappeared. What those misunderstandings were have been conjectured, but this is the first time that any semi-official reference to them has been made. After the meeting at Cronberg the newspapers reported that the hatchet had been buried, and the public drew the conclusions that there had been family differences which had led to estrangement. The semi-official *communique* seems to imply that the reconciliation was not complete, and that the two Sovereigns have only just now removed the cause of their feud.

In the Riviera Air

Aviation is very much in the Riviera air just now. By the time these lines see the light of THE BYSTANDER the Cannes meeting will have begun, while on April 10 the fliers will have assembled on the new ground at Nice. The Nice meeting will, of course, be the big Riviera event, for Rougier, Latham, Rolls, and Mortimer Singer are among the "birds" exclusively engaged, and the prizes are big enough to tempt even an aviator! Nice is building great hopes on this its first aviation meeting, but while it will undoubtedly bring a great many people from the surrounding district, it is a big question whether it will really prolong the season. The more important hotel-keepers, at any rate, doubt its power of keeping people here once the Easter holidays are over, and they are probably in the right. Last season there was a great deal of talk about the fêtes in honour of President Fallières keeping people here till the end of April—with the result that by the time the President arrived there were only natives to greet him. By the middle of April the Riviera season is over, and that's the real truth, however unpleasant it may be to Messieurs les Hôteliers.

Where's the Ball?

That capricious little ball that decides our fortunes at the ever-fascinating game of roulette occasionally flies from the skilful croupier's hand, though not often. The other afternoon it slipped from its manipulator's fingers and found its way into an Englishman's coat pocket. So impressed was the Englishman that he promptly lost a couple of hundred pounds! But the little ball once found a far stranger destination than that. Escaping from the croupier's hand it flew straight into the mouth of a German onlooker, and *he* was so impressed that he promptly swallowed it!

Cheap Living at Monte Carlo

It is now quite certain that we shall not see the opening of the new extension of the Monte Carlo Casino until next winter. It is very badly wanted, for the crush in the Rooms has got far beyond comfortable limits. Monte Carlo has certainly altered enormously in the last few years. It is no longer a preserve of the millionaire, but the resort of the winter tourist in general, a fact which has its advantages as well as the opposite. One of the advantages is the undoubted lowering of the cost of living. In the old days a cheap restaurant, save in the Condamine, was a thing unknown; to-day you can lunch for half a crown (wine included) within five minutes of the doors of the Casino. The other morning I was astonished to see a notice outside what used to be one of the most expensive of Monte's restaurants advertising a set lunch at four francs per head! I expressed my astonishment to the proprietor. "*Que voulez-vous*," said he; "in days gone by I used to cater for the few, now I've got to cater for he many."

A Magnificent Statue, Commissioned by the Kaiser

A beautiful work of art by Professor Goetz, which has been specially executed for the new Castle of the German Emperor, "Achilleion," which is situated on Corfu. The statue is nearly 21ft. high, and will stand on a marble plinth about 13ft. high. The helmet, shield, and lance are richly gilded, in order to be seen from a long distance standing out like a landmark. The Emperor personally will unveil the statue in April

From £30 to £8

Not that Ciro's, the Hotel de Paris, the Hermitage, and Ré's have necessarily lowered their charges. There are plenty of people left at Monte who can pay for an expensive meal. The same can be said of Nice, which boasts one restaurant whose prices are probably the highest in Europe. A well-known Austrian Prince invited three friends to dine at the restaurant in question the other night. He ordered a small, simple dinner, and his astonishment can be imagined when he was presented with a bill of just on thirty pounds. The fact that he eventually paid less than eight pounds for the meal proved that the proprietor of the restaurant has a sense of humour.

Jack at Nice

Nice had a visit the other day from H.M.S. *Duncan*, and the town was, of course, invaded by bluejackets and marines, whose literally perfect behaviour was the admiration of everyone. Last season we entertained the American fleet on its way home from the now famous voyage, and the conduct of the "Jackies" was, I fear, anything but exemplary. They were allowed an extraordinary amount of license, and they took the very fullest advantage of it. An equal advantage was taken by the smaller café-keepers of the fact that the American pockets were well lined with gold, for it is, I fully believe, a fact that not one Yankee "tar" left Riviera waters with a dollar to his credit!

Three Little Jap-scapes

Photograph *Sakurai, Japan*

The Seaside of Akashi

The junk (with curious web-like sails) seems to be floating in very shallow water

Photograph *Sakurai, Japan*

Country Life in Japan

In the foreground of the glorious avenue is a jinrikisha

Photograph *S. Ichida, Japan*

The Castle of Nagoya, built by the Great Chieftain "Oda Nobunaga" three hundred years ago

There are two solid golden fish on the roof, each 10ft. in length. Several attempts have been made to steal them, all unsuccessful. One famous thief made twelve attempts, and then only succeeded in getting one of the scales. These photographs, supplied by a Japanese gentleman resident in London, are interesting because views of rural and seaside Japan are not nearly so often published as those of the towns

French Priesthood's Fight Against Poverty

HOW VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE EJECTED ORDERS ARE TRYING TO EARN A LIVING

Abbot Bozon

Now a watchmaker. The other priest in the picture, his friend, is an optician

Photographs *Underwood and Underwood*

Abbot Furst

Vicar of Graincourt, who has become a general mechanic, and gets as much work as he wants

ONE of the evil results of the separation of Church and State in France, the disestablishment for which atheists so long craved and at last obtained, has been the throwing on the labour market of a number of unskilled men. Many poor priests have had to face the world with nothing but their knowledge of the classics and church history to equip them, and many of them are in sore straits. It is true that the State affords them a miserable subsidy, but it is to be feared that not a few poor souls have gone under.

What the iniquitous legislation did for the members of the various Sisterhoods has been exposed in René Bazin's terrible novel, "The Nun." The famous author paints an agonising picture of the fates of a disbanded body of nuns. It was bad enough, as he shows, for those who had relatives to go to. For those who had none—the prospect was naturally horrifying. The gentle women had to resume the dress of their sex in the world and try to find work. We in England know what chance an ex-nun would possess of obtaining employment in these hustling days, when the pert, smart-spoken, transparent-bloused flapper with a knack of hitting typewriter keys quickly and correctly is preferred to an elderly woman of scholarly attainments. The poor nuns in many cases failed. Some heroically starved. Others met a more tragic fate. It is the story of one of the latter that Bazin tells. It is wonderful that this awful book has not inflamed the passions of the French Catholics. Wonderful that no active reprisals have been made on the Government. The subject is one on which no one with any humanity in him can bear to reflect. The vast amount of human agony that M. Combes and his advisers caused will ever be remembered in France, and constitute an everlasting blot on the history of that fair land.

It is, indeed, pleasant to be able to record that the unfortunate priests are fighting hard to keep body and soul together, perhaps hoping against hope for a happier day for Church and France. Large numbers are now working at trades. The present movement of priests launching out for themselves and taking up other professions was really commenced on the individual initiative of the Abbot Louis Ballu, who wrote a work, entitled "Possible Vocations for the Priests of To-Morrow," and it was not long after the publication of this book that a society was formed which goes by the name of "The Association of Working Priests," of which the Abbot Leroux is president, and the Abbot L. Ballu secretary.

This Association has already an organ of its own, *The Union*, which is printed at Blace (Rhone), at the printing works of Chaneine Lagadere. The Abbot Ballu in his book expresses the opinion that it would be all the more easy for priests to earn a living, inasmuch as they are not burdened with families like the ordinary working people. It would be sufficient,

he asserts, if they worked a quarter of a day, the product of which, together with the small subsidy they receive from the State, being ample to keep them. Under these conditions, they would offer practically no competition to the layman.

Passing on to the trades which the Abbot considers suitable for the ecclesiastical fraternity, the Abbot mentions agriculture in its different branches, the cultivation of crops, flowers, and vegetables, as well as grapes, strawberries, asparagus, etc., also the cultivation and management of bees and silkworms, medical and aromatic plants, and the distilling of flowers for the manufacture of scents and perfumes. Different branches of mechanics he also considers would offer suitable trades, such as the repairing of bicycles and motor-cars, especially as breakdowns are of such frequent occurrence on the road. He regards this as simple but remunerative work. The trade of locksmith, also, according to the Abbot, does not require a long apprenticeship, and it is easy enough to succeed at it if one has a natural predilection for the work. There are many other vocations which offer themselves to priests, and in which, for the most part, assistants are not required, such as jeweller, bookbinder, metal-engraver, wood-engraver, and stone-engraver.

From the pictures which accompany this article it will be gathered that there is every reason to believe that before long priests will be engaged in the fine arts—painting, decoration, sculpture—not without success, and one can easily imagine that priests would be very successful as doctors and architects. In fact, all intellectual works would readily appeal to them. In order to become a member of "The Association of Working Priests" it is necessary for the applicant to prove that he works on an average five hours per day. In any case, he is not permitted to forget his duties to the Church, and the due maintenance of its dignity.

It is impossible to praise too highly the vigour with which the unfortunate men have thrown themselves into the task of earning their living. Only those who have spent some time in a seminary, especially a Jesuit seminary, could appreciate how the training unfits a man for anything other than the cure of souls. Business is business all the world over, and a man trained to consider the fine morality of his every action and transaction is naturally terribly handicapped when he has to compete in the market of commerce. True, the very fact that of the watchmakers in your town one is a priest might tempt you to take your custom where you are most likely to be treated with scrupulous fairness, but there are those among us—and, I fear, a majority—who would be tempted to keep a guileless tradesman waiting some time for his money.

One wonders what would happen in England were the wild Radicals to have their way and disestablish the English Church. Would the English Bishops don leathern aprons and shoe horses? Should we have the privilege of employing a mitred plumber to tinker up the burst in our waterpipe? Perish the thought! B. M. H.

Abbot Caboury

Vicar of Mauvange (Meuse), who now works successfully as a blacksmith

Abbot Couturaud

Apostolic Missionary, a pupil of Harpignies, and a member of the Society of French Artists. He now makes a living at painting and decorating china-ware

Photographs *Underwood and Underwood*

Abbott Carteau

Vicar of Magnilis-Reigniers, is a very clever sculptor on stone and wood, as well as an engraver. He also makes very beautiful furniture

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT was not a dull Easter. By no means. There were too many things in the air. Quite apart from our political complications, and the Affair of the Second Chamber, Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit re-appeared in the papers.

* * *

SPORT, alas! they will not find in England. To those who have "faced a charging buffalo with a wait-a-bit thorn in their wake," even the so-called "wild" winkle would hardly seem worthy of pursuit. Facing the hot turtle with a get-fat-quick waiter behind their chairs will have to "do" the Ex-President and his son while they are here.

* * *

THE *Telegraph* declares that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the greatest men whom modern democracy has evolved. Could we not avail ourselves of his forcefulness by inviting him—

(1) Either to select a reliable up-to-date Second Chamber, Kermit assisting?

(2) Or to stop on and act as Second Chamber—with Kermit's aid?

* * *

THE present Peers could easily be drafted into the House of Commons, or given positions on the Labour Exchanges. And then the whole troublesome affair would be settled.

* * *

HOW—ask a contemporary—do most Cabinet Ministers spend their holidays? A good many golf, of course. Mr. Burns usually rescues people from drowning, or burning, or getting run over. Others think out epigrams and repartees against the time they go back to the House again.

* * *

I LIKE to think that Mr. McKenna is thinking out some crushing rejoinders for Lord Charles. So far he has only managed—"The answer is in the negative," or "That is a tissue of misstatements," or "The noble lord is entirely mistaken." None of these retorts can be considered epigrammatic in the truest sense of the word.

GENIAL HOSTESS (*having complimented young Briton on his dancing, to fascinating foreigner*): "But you dance most beautifully, Count".
COUNT: "Oh, but I am dancing ever since I was a little child"
YOUNG BRITON: "Won't you sit down?"

BY B. G. BAKER

EXEMPTION from the ordinary bathing and hair-cutting is one of the ameliorations which Mr. Churchill, as Home Secretary, has ordained for political prisoners, but so far it has not had the effect of tempting to gaol any more Suffragettes. "There is no martyrdom about it now," seems to be the attitude of the militant ladies, who consequently gave glaziers a well-earned Easter holiday.

* * *

FOR those who have not yet started on a holiday trip, and would like to visit some part of their own country provided it has a foreign sound about it, it may be pointed out that the Cornish Riviera is nowadays not the only possible place, the following spots being also available:

The British Himalayas (Malvern).
The San Sebastian of Sussex (Bexhill).
The Cymric Woolly West (Wales—the land of Lloyd-George).
The East Anglian Ostend (any East-Coast town).
Holland at Home (Regent's Park—with canal).

* * *

PROFESSOR Bragg has discovered "a fourth kind of matter, the peculiarity of which is that it travels onwards at a great rate, no matter what obstacles it meets." It sounds a little like a Progressive member of the London County Council.

* * *

THE Germans had better look out. Our new aeronautical expert, Mr. O'Gorman, has declared that, "if the necessity arose, it would not be difficult for us even now to put three airships into commission." With a wind in the right direction, they might easily drift to Germany and fall heavily on some of the Kaiser's subjects.

* * *

FOXHUNTERS are still worrying as to how the lady who has threatened, in the interests of poultry-rearers, to exterminate the fox is to be appeased. The suggestion that foxes should be muzzled does not meet with their approbation. Perhaps vixens might be?

Quaint Old Superstitions: No. 5

A BLACK JAGUAR BEFORE BREAKFAST BETOKENS A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE, R.I.

London Nights Entertainments

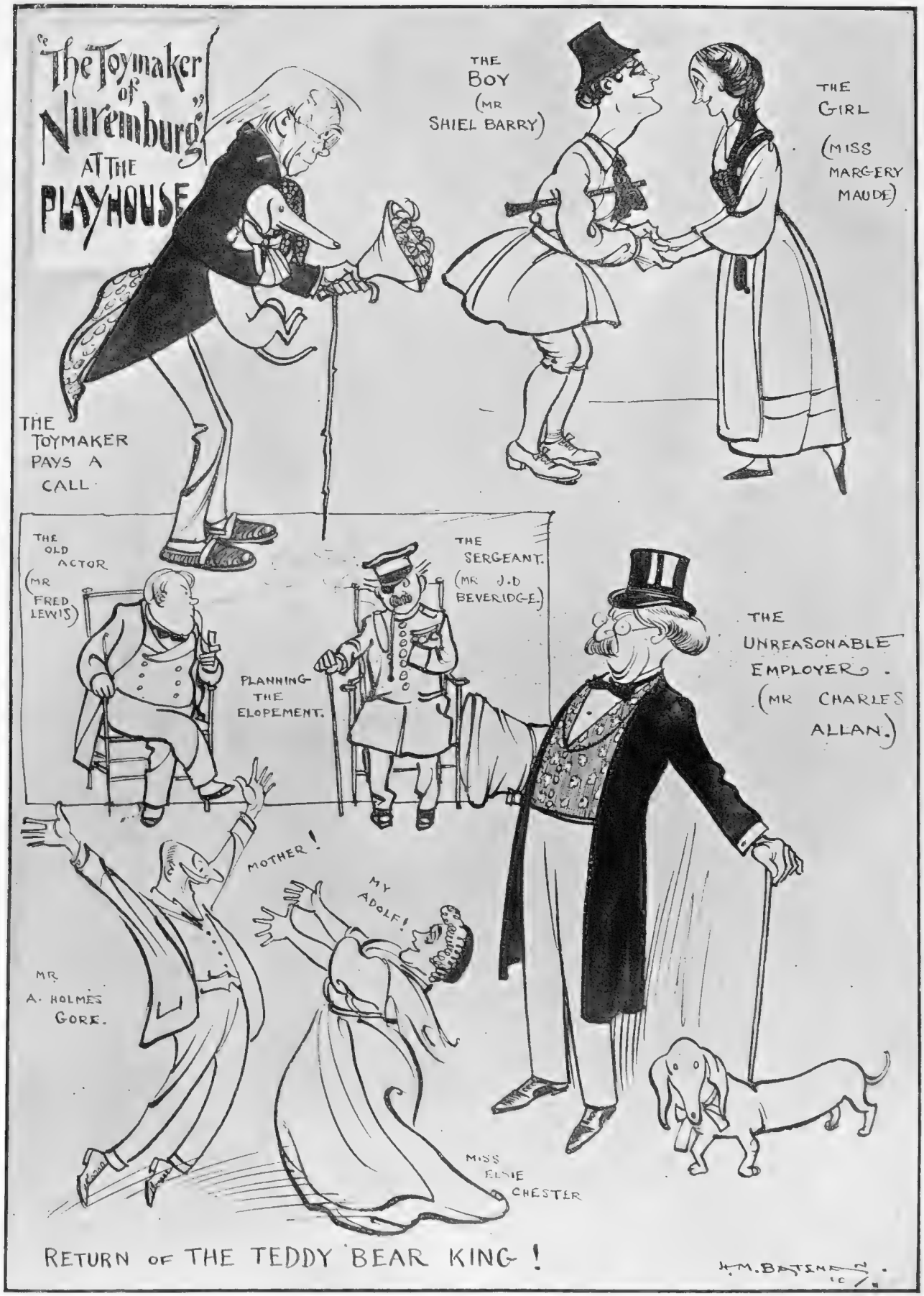
BY "JINGLE" ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BATEMAN

"THE TOYMAKER OF NUREMBERG" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

A MODERN editor of Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" once took the pains to supply an "index to the tears shed" in that immortal work ("chokings, etc., not counted"). If something of the sort were done with respect to *The Toymaker of Nuremberg*, as far as the ladies in the audience are concerned, the result would, I think, be quite as illuminating as the index referred to. Ominous sounds of sniffing were audible soon after the curtain rose, and grew in intensity till one lady within my hearing actually groaned aloud. Yet the play is not necessarily a dismal one. The story is in the style of Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm, brought right up to date by an American writer (Mr. Austin Strong), who clearly loves his country. The production is remarkable for two pleasing features. Firstly, Mr. Cyril Maude's impersonation of the old Toymaker is one of the most charming things he has done; and, secondly, the occasion marked the first appearance of Miss Margery Maude, to whom I bow my compliments. Miss Maude proves to be a graceful and charming young actress, who handles, with rare competence for a débutante, a part that is all delicacy and daintiness. The house was evidently with the young lady from the start, and every tear she shed, or threatened to shed, was generously echoed by sympathetic gurgles everywhere.

THERE is, at first, a suggestion of Toyland about it all. The Toymaker's son, described on the programme simply as "The Boy," is desperately, even extravagantly, in love with "The Girl." His love is so intense that it causes him actual physical pain; and he knows his passion is the real thing because of the fluttering at his heart—though, to be sure, prosaic doctors will insist on ascribing the symptoms to indigestion. The Boy plays the flute under the shadow of the Girl's garden wall; and when he has tootled himself breathless she flings a rose over to him. Presently she climbs a ladder on the other side of the wall, and faces him with fawn-like timidity; and then the young people sigh at each other and bashfully murmur a few commonplaces, which is all they have courage for. There is a strange and slightly exaggerated artificiality about the whole scene, but it is played with a quite indescribable charm by Miss Maude and Mr. Shiel Barry. The second act introduces us to the Toymaker in his den. He is an old man, who lives in a fairyland of his own creating. The rush and bustle of modern life are not for him, and he tries to forget that the outside world exists. He is a dreamer who refuses to step into line with modern conditions; he will be quite satisfied if they will only let him make dolls for something less than a living wage till the end. Mr. Maude's presentation of this part is quite a triumph of art. He shows us the quietly happy old man, smiling through misfortune and sorrow, and superbly confident that it will be all right presently. As the poet said, he never is, but always to be blest. And to a dreamer of that kind, as we worldlings know, awakening comes rudely. When the Boy runs into the den and confesses that Love has come to him, you would think from the old man's joy that he had just picked up a ten-pound note, or had succeeded in passing a doubtful shilling on a 'bus-conductor—the reader must decide which of these contingencies suggests the higher or sweeter note of ecstasy. Even the beloved dolls are forsaken in the old man's supreme joy. He tells his son, in a trembling and almost tearful voice, that this love that has come to him is the greatest and richest blessing he will ever know; it is something not of earth, but of heaven. And there is that which is so convincing in the old man's words that a loud sniff goes up from the ladies (unmarried probably), one or two of whom even break into a little mild applause, as if they were entirely of the same mind themselves, and did not care who knew it.

BUT, unfortunately, the drop from heaven to earth is not so far as some people think. I have done the entire distance myself frequently, without the aid of mechanical apparatus of any kind, as the conjurers say. To begin with, the Boy not only has no money, but he has also no prospect of earning any. Money is a horrid thing, but as long as it is the standard medium of exchange we have all got to suppress our finer instincts and join in the scramble for it. The Toymaker admits that he and his wife started housekeeping with funds in hand of something under eighteenpence; but for us others, alas! the age of miracles is past. The Toymaker's first shock comes when his employer arrives to tell him that his customers in America are no longer calling for dolls with pretty eyelashes, but for—Teddy Bears, and demand must be met by supply. The Toymaker, at first, flatly refuses to be a party to the manufacture of such unholy playthings; but on the chance of being able to further his son's happiness he presently decides to surrender the convictions of a lifetime. Love has power to that extent. Another shock comes when he discovers that the Girl is the daughter of his employer, although it does not occur to him all at once that a prosperous manufacturer



SKETCHED AT THE PLAYHOUSE BY H. M. BATEMAN

may possibly refuse to let his daughter marry a sentimental pauper. The two young people love each other; what, therefore, has money to do with the matter? (For the answer to this conundrum the reader is respectfully referred to the butcher and the baker. They will put it in terser language than that in which I am permitted to indulge.) At this stage of the proceedings two old friends of the Toymaker come into the foreground. Like him, they are poor, but unlike him they have seen something of the world. One is an old soldier (Mr. J. D. Beveridge) and the other is an old actor (Mr. Fred Lewis); and those who have any experience of these professions know that there is not much room for romance in either of them. The wits of the old fellows are not, however, equal to guessing how the Boy is to marry the Girl if the father objects, as they feel sure he will; but an idea is given them by the Boy's friend (well represented by Master Bobby Andrews), who has just been reading a book in which there is an—elopement. The two old men at once decide that they will pawn their most cherished treasures to provide a runaway coach for their old friend's boy; the actor will part with his much-prized watch, while the soldier will sell his medals and—his Iron Cross as well! This exquisitely touching act of self-abnegation sent a wave of tearfulness through the house on its own account; but while I apologise sincerely for my philistinism, I cannot help saying that I thought they were overdoing it a bit.

Photograph **Miss Margery Maude** [*Elwin Neame*

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude (Miss Winifred Emery), who recently made her very successful stage début in *The Toymaker of Nuremburg* at The Playhouse

THE elopement fails, as, indeed, it was bound to do in such lamentably incompetent hands; and, to make matters worse, the Toymaker is discharged from his employer's service because of his alleged participation in the disgraceful business, though heaven is our witness that he was as innocent of that offence as of any other. The shock is very great at first, and his optimism does not help him quite so readily as on the occasion of former disasters. But presently we hear that the Boy has seen an advertisement in a paper which promises that, in return for the very moderate fee of five shillings, an enterprising American will tell the Toymaker how he can make a fortune in the United States in six months; and the dear old fellow knows that it must be true because he has seen the offer in print. If jesting Pilate had lived in the days of the up-to-date newspaper he would probably have not thought it worth while to ask his famous question. The answer would have been so obvious. The separation of the old man from his wife—the first parting for forty years—is necessarily provocative of much weeping, which Miss Elsie Chester, as the old Mother, leads with a quite magnificent display. I do not think this part could have possibly been better acted. I myself pretended that a piece of grit had got into my right eye, but I am not sure that the subterfuge was convincing. Fortunately, just when the grief is most intense, the Toymaker's long-lost son comes back from America as a perfect paragon of megalomania. He is rich as only an American can be when he is talking about it himself; he drives the biggest and best motor-car in the town, and, supreme irony of all, he is the great dealer in Teddy Bears at whose bidding his old father had to give up the precious dolls that were almost his life. Furthermore, the returned long-lost son is in a position to announce that he is the "Boss" of the Toymaker's employer, and that, therefore, the Boy can marry the Girl just whenever he wants to, and don't you forget it! The sudden transition from the old-world atmosphere of Nuremberg to the right up-to-date slickness of Chicago is, perhaps, a little violent; but it is very effective as showing the modern method of competing with the fairy godmothers of a less hustling age. It has the further advantage of putting us all in a cheerful humour at the very happy ending. Mr. Cyril Maude has, perhaps, overdone the senility of the Toymaker a little, but perhaps this is done for the sake of greater pathos. The author insists a little too much on the Toymaker's unselfishness; but it seemed to me it was a little selfish of him to refuse at first to make Teddy Bears instead of dolls, when he might by changing his views lighten the burden of poverty for his aged wife, who passes her existence in trying to make both ends meet when they will persist in remaining so far apart. But it is ever the case that the woman does all the suffering while the mere man takes all the credit. VOTES FOR——. I beg your pardon. Certainly not. I was carried away by the excitement of the moment. It may be that Mr. Maude will see his way presently to put *The Toymaker of Nuremberg* in the evening bill somewhere. The fairylike story, combined with the really admirable acting, should be sufficient to ensure its wide popularity. JINGLE.

OFFICIOUSNESS

AT THE OPERA, COVENT GARDEN

EVERYBODY unites in congratulating Mr. Thomas Beecham on the success of his Covent Garden operatic season. His principal venture, *Elektra*, at all events, proved a triumph not only artistically, but also, I hope, financially. Success, however, requires a little assimilation, and it is to be hoped that, with more of it, sub-seasonal Covent Garden managements will learn how important it is to treat the public as it likes to be treated. The other day, I am informed, a gentleman, unable to use his two tickets, applied to the box-office for permission to return them. A curt refusal was given, and he made away. Behind him was another gentleman—my informant of the incident, and of unimpeachable character—waiting to buy seats. The first of them—thoughtlessly, perhaps—asked whether the second would like to relieve him of his. This was overheard by an officious clerk, who, in peremptory tones, told the questioner that he had better immediately leave the building as he had no business to attempt to sell tickets inside it. Now, this might have been reasonable had there been numbers of tickets on sale at the box-office. But, of those asked for by my informant, there were absolutely none. He would, therefore, have been glad to avail himself of the offer unofficially made him. Instead of this, he was disappointed of a seat at all, and "went empty away."

THE art of keeping a rule is to know when to break it. In the above case, the keeping of it caused offence and disappointment without the smallest compensating advantage. And it "frightened off" the Opera House two excellent people, one of whom, at all events, has a very large number of friends.

SKETCHED AT THE PLAYHOUSE
BY H. M. BATEMAN

MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S MYSTERIES

THE entertainment at St. George's Hall is as delightful as ever. Mr. Owen Clark's clever conjuring and Mr. Gus Fowler's extraordinarily clever turn, "Wonders with Watches," are among the tit-bits of the programme. Doraswami, always a very pleasing entertainer with his violin, is here, and also Mr. Barclay Gammon, with new jokes. Mr. J. N. Maskelyne produces a sensational illusion with the somewhat eccentric title, "Oh! or the Mahatmas Outdone." Surely a better title would have been, "Ah! or the Stupefaction of the Hojibbawayjambacks." Then I should have known what to expect. Mr. David Devant finishes a splendid programme with two astonishing feats of illusion, called "The Little Chantecler" and "The Mascot Moth." (Note for mothers: the entertainment is timed to finish at 5.30 in the afternoon. It does. Take the children.)

"A Fellow o
of Most Exc

SOME OF THE LATE
LATE MR. TO

TOM BROWNE

James: "I've 'eard tell of the old proverb as 'ow everything comes to 'im who waits"

"THE DOP
(Otherwise the New
—a sinister monster
mischi

# of Infinite Jest, cellent Fancy"

ST HUMOURS OF THE M BROWNE, R.I.

TOM BROWNE

TOM BROWNE

Customer: "Shall I take off my collar?"
Haircutter: "Oh, no, Sir! You needn't even 'ave troubled about your 'at"

OP SELLER"
ew York Drug Merchant
er responsible for much
schief

First Fruits of the Untainted Spring: Narcissi in the Scillies

Photograph] [*Photochrom Co.*

"And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness."—SHELLEY

Double Diamonds

By Muriel A Pollexfen

ROSALEEN LOVELL felt that she owed a grudge to Fate.

Perhaps she did, or perhaps she was too impatient. But she had waited thirty-three years for Fortune to smile upon her, and when a woman looks at the future from such a mature standpoint she is not likely to keep on being meekly optimistic.

To-night she rose from the little green-covered tables in Lady Sundermere's drawing-room the loser of seventy-six pounds, and the loss brought the sum total of her debts up to very nearly seven thousand pounds. Seven thousand pounds! And assets—*nil!* It was really rather ludicrous after all.

She fled from the noisy room to a tiny, deep-windowed recess that lay between the abutting walls of the outer drawing-room and the conservatories. A single pink-swathed electric bulb created a faint radiance, and there were plenty of merciful shadows in the dim sanctuary which protected her from observation. She sank down into the deep seat beneath the window, pushing it open so that the cool night air might bring her reason. She leaned her elbows on the sill and drooped her head in her hot palms, breathing hard.

It had come at last to that terrible moment when she had to face the present, shed a remorseful tear on the past, and brace up her nerves to meet the future. It was the moment that had threatened for so long and at last was a reality, a horrible, obvious reality, and so approximate. The future! She tried, with a despairing crack of laughter, to sum it all up.

"I'm thirty-three—in six months I'll be thirty-four! I'm seven thousand in debt, and I haven't a friend decent enough to stick to me and haul me to my feet again if I go under to-morrow. Lady Sundermere? Gertrude! Gertrude will be the first to fizzle, and she will quote Sundermere. I can hear her. 'Dear Sundermere does so hate people who are talked about!' The instant I'm declared holed the entire Sundermere collection will drop me. What am I to do? Oh, if Fate had only presented me with a husband! But there's no husband, there's no enduring friend, there's no miracle looming up in the immediate future, there isn't even the slightest sign that luck will turn—there's nothing! I've come to the wall at last! Well, I've had a goodish run, and a fairly bobbish time, so I suppose I oughtn't to kick. Heigh-ho!"

A tiny mirror hung upon the wall beside her, and she jumped up to see in it whether she still held an asset in her face. The glimmering dimness was tenderly merciful. It showed wonderful soft eyes, parted, questioning lips, a waving mass of black, glinting hair, and the exquisite carving of her cheek. Her face was pale and thin, and a faint line of worry creased her forehead. What a fool she was to worry! But her eyes! Ah! thank God her eyes were jewels—pools of living jewels, violet-coloured and starry, eyes that could still wheedle the heart of a man, though, perhaps, not an offer of marriage.

Dear face in the glass.

She leaned forward and kissed its reflection for being still lovely, and smiled at smiling lips for being still tempting and brilliantly, naturally red at thirty-three—thirty-four. She cried softly to herself, a thin, whinny of relief and martyrdom.

"I'm still beautiful, I'm still beautiful, I'm still beautiful!" The refrain hummed through the whinny. "If I could start afresh, if someone would only give me a leg up and a bank-book, I'd—I'd win this time, I'm sure I'd win. If only someone would give me the chance! If only Lady Fortune would smile upon me. Lady Fortune, dear Lady Fortune, turn to me. Oh! won't you turn to me? Please, please turn to me."

The whispered words, full of imploring, floated out on the air, and were wafted on the gossamer wings of shadows down the rose-lined glades, over the dewy turf, across the lily beds, through the tangled briars that sheltered the rosery, till at last the murmuring breath of them melted into the lapping waters of the lake beyond the lawns. And ere the last impassioned word sank into its bosom something happened.

The sound of Gertrude Sundermere's voice fell upon

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Rosaleen's ear. Gertrude Sundermere talking to Pring Ponsonby on the terrace below Rosaleen's open-windowed retreat. Lady Sundermere generally was talking to Pring Ponsonby, everyone knew that—except, of course, Sundermere—and everyone in turn talked about the droll trio playing such a screamingly funny game. The only point on which the joke fell flat was that two out of the trio were so deucedly careful as to where and what they talked that there was never anything which could be hilariously discussed under Sundermere's rather blunt nose.

They were generally so beastly careful of open windows and dark places and all the rest of the haunts of eavesdroppers that Rosaleen's eyes now flashed suddenly with malicious mirth. She rubbed her hands gleefully, and held her breath, listening. The couple were pacing backwards and forwards directly under her. She could have thrust her hand through the window and clutched them as they passed. The thought of their panic if she did so made her long to giggle. Then a floating word made the maliciousness deepen in her eyes, and her ears pricked alertly.

"How *could* I have lost it, Pring? How could I, how could I? And Sundermere is a beast when he's got anything in his stupid mind. I feel as though you had given me your heart, and that I had flung it away. How much did you say it was worth, Pring?"

"What? My heart?"

"Good gracious, no! The necklace, of course. How much did you say?"

"Oh, damn the diamonds, Gerty! How you harp on the blessed things! They are worth anything between eight and ten thousand—at least, they *were*; they are gone now, and it's no use yelling over spilt milk."

"Worth eight or ten thousand pounds. And I've lost them!"

Gertrude Sundermere's voice sounded almost like a bleat to Rosaleen, sitting smiling and still in the dark alcove.

The thought flashed through her mind that it was coincidental that both she and Gertrude should be bleeting over practically similar amounts, though, of course, she supposed, it was ever so much worse to lose it slap away than to have the loss spread over a number of years. Still, appearances went for something always, and, really, Pring was worth holding. She could so distinctly hear the irritated note in his voice, and if one irritated Pring *too* far, or lost entire control of him, he would be so horribly likely to blab.

But Lady Sundermere wasn't so well-trained as Rosaleen, and she went on bleating.

"Pring, Pring, whatever shall I do? Eight thousand pounds worth of diamonds at the bottom of the lake in the mud! Oh! isn't it awful to think of? What a fool I was to wear them in the boat."

"Don't cry over them, for heaven's sake, Gerty. The necklace was valuable, I daresay, but our time is much more so. Don't spoil my last hours, dearest; and, anyway, we can have the lake dragged."

"No we can't. I'd be too frightened. Sundermere is so dreadfully suspicious. Besides, it's a bottomless pit. They tried to drag it last year when the under-gardener was drowned there, and they couldn't do it. I suppose he's down there still, and now my necklace will be there with him. Eight thousand pounds worth of jewels, possibly *ten* thousand pounds worth if one negotiated them well, can be of no earthly good to an under-gardener, can they—especially when he's drowned? I didn't think of that."

"Good Lord, Gerty, how you harp on the brutes! Look here, can't we go in here?"

Rosaleen could hear Pring opening the door of Gertrude's morning-room, which led on to the terrace, and she listened to it closing behind them. And then she laughed long and softly, very softly, a laugh that sounded ridiculously like a purr, and, pushing up the window, she climbed through it and dropped lightly on to the terrace below.

Her air of martyrdom had vanished like mist before a sudden whiff of gale; her despair fell from her like a cloak. She trod the terrace like a fairy woman walking on air.

Lady Fortune had heard her passionate appeal and had nodded to her, and Rosaleen realised, with an almost bursting heart, her opportunity.

To-night Gerty could be made to see how greatly it would benefit her to hold out a helping hand to a friend in dire distress, and in the helping hand there would be as much of seven thousand pounds as Lady Sundermere could conveniently spare—the balance to be paid in a week, or a month if the lady wanted time.

The night was a perfect one. A big, white moon sailed along in an azure sky like a full-rigged ship under crowded sail. The still waters of the lake caught the moonbeams and played battledore and shuttlecock with them, and the shadows of the waving firs in the strip of forestland skirting the water danced as though a revel was on foot. The steps of the terrace, too, gleamed grey against the shadowy paths, and Rosaleen tripped down them like a happy child. She was so pleased that carking care had been pushed back, and she was so hugely glad of the little tin sword of Damocles which luck had thrust into her hand that she could have waked the stillness of the sleeping garden with a shrieking psalm of thanksgiving.

The lake, with the moonbeams lying white on its breast like whip weals, drew her towards it.

How still it was. A thought flashed across her mind, filling her with a wild excitement.

Fate was alive! Fate was breathing in that stilly garden, and was, perhaps, wrapped in that shadow that lay so motionless on that black stretch of water where the firs leaned out from the bank. She flung her hair back from her forehead, and her eyes became stars shining in the night. With her brain in a whirl of calculation and relief and revenge she walked up and down the winding rose-paths and round and round the placid lake, and always she returned to the spot where a patch of white water-lilies floated like wreaths of remembrance on a grave. She remembered suddenly the dead under-gardener, who lay, undiscovered, far below them, and the memory shocked her. Surely the place was sacred? Surely the soft breaths of summer wind were in reality dim whispers of religion trying to win her soul?

Gertrude Sundermere, the incubus of seven thousand pounds worth of debt, blackmail, all sank to a sudden, amazing insignificance before the influence, and for nearly five minutes Rosaleen felt that she had mistaken her vocation. She should have followed up her convent education by becoming a nun, and, in all earnestness, if a nunnery had sprung up then and there before her she would have entered in and spent the remainder of her life counting her rosary-beads, instead

(Continued on page 650)

A Zeeside Sextet

PRETTY DUTCH NATIVES OF A VILLAGE ON THE ZUYDER ZEE

BY ARTHUR MARSHALL, A.R.I.B.A., F.R.P.S

(*Continued from page 654*)

of pacing rosery paths in jewel-studded slippers for which she hadn't paid.

But opportunities relative to one's mind of the moment rarely occur ; for which most of us, I suppose, thank Heaven.

Fate is an odd thing, a quaint, teasing, pleasing, whimsical thing, and just now its whimsy was to direct Rosaleen's soulful, saintlike eyes towards a little sparkling object lying almost in the water ; something that outrivalled her starry eyes in brilliancy, and was whiter than the lilies ; something that glittered in the moonlight like a streak of pale phosphorus smeared across a dark place by a fairy finger. With a wondering, purring cry she rushed to it, gathering it up in her slim fingers and crooning softly with a ridiculous delight.

Fate had stirred at last ! Lady Fortune was hob-nobbing with her, walking arm-in-arm alongside her.

Religion ! There wasn't a thought of it in her soul as she looked and laughed at the bauble of vanity representing eight or ten thousand pounds slip through and through her fingers like a tiny shower of jewelled rain. Religion ! The convent walls melted in the *façades* of the palaces where lived the smart folk she loved to know, and the rosary-beads looked dull and brown and so frightfully uninteresting beside the beauty of Gertrude Sundermere's lost necklace. The diamonds in it were worth eight thousand !

" Oh ! " she cried, exultingly. " Oh ! Lady Fortune, you dear, dear goddess ! You have starved me for thirty-three years, snubbed and starved me and terrified me so that I nearly lost my nerve, and now, in one night, you fling a fabulous fortune at my feet, and show me a nice, ladylike way of sticking a knife into mine enemy's ear. I thank you, oh, I do thank you ! . . . dear goddess, I do so thank you. Gerty's necklace ! She could swear she lost it *in* the lake, and she is afraid to institute a search for it, and the lake is bottomless ! Was there ever such luck ? Oh, I could scream ; I could fling myself into the water, down, down, till I saw the under-gardener and told him what he'd missed ! I could weep for joy, but instead I can only cackle, cackle, cackle, like an old hen on a rubbish-heap. Wait till Gerty hears the tune I'm cackling to ! And won't she just dance to it, too ? I'll make her . . . it will be sweet to see her dance. I'll get back a bit of the self-respect I've lost during these thirty-three odd years. Gerty took a good piece of it, and I'll make her give it all back with interest, and compound interest, and a bit of her own thrown in for make-weight ! They say a woman never knows the value of her self-respect till she's lost it ; but I've never realised the value of mine till now, when I'm going to make another woman pay it back to me ! Lord, Lord, how queer I am ! "

She hugged herself with an absurd and unholy joy.

The diamonds in the slender chain sparkled their laughing replies as she tossed them into the air, and caught them and tossed them up again, just to see them glitter and glisten and flutter with a laughter, not less triumphant than her own. She was dizzied with the stupendous magnitude of her sudden luck, and the Nabob's palace had increased threefold already.

Then a step, crunching on the gravel path behind her, sobered her, and she turned round swiftly, a whole tribe of lies ready on her lips, and the necklace disappearing into the bodice of her frock with a kind of farewell lash out, like the exit of a giggling, high-kicking dancer—a final flirting flip and an impression of violet and blue and silver flashes, accompanied by a smothered giggle.

There was nothing Rosaleen was not ready to swear to should the newcomer turn out to be Lady Sundermere or Pring or a searching satellite. If thirty-three years of adversity had taught Miss Lovell anything at all, it was the gift of lying—she could lie like an Empress, and she could lie like a common thief ; it was only a matter of environment. So she girded up her loins, so to speak, and her tongue surreptitiously licked her lips. Her father had been an Irishman, and she inherited his love of a good fight. But the man who walked towards her now was neither Gertrude Sundermere's emissary nor Pring Ponsonby, and Rosaleen sighed with relief as she stepped out of the shadows to meet Ivers Jerningham.

Ivers Jerningham, in spite of his romantic, high-sounding name, was nothing more nor less than an American butcher, and, incidentally, a millionaire several times over, as well as owning the distinction of being born in the Bowery and having a Borough coster for his grandfather—but, of course, one only mentioned the millions in speaking of him, or claiming his friendship. He had been a week at Sundermere Court, a week spent in getting rid of a pot of money to all Sundermere's greedy and impecunious guests, and also spent in hovering round Rosaleen Lovell like a mammoth moth.

The queer thing about it was that Rosaleen herself, to the huge amusement of her fellow-guests, and by some unprecedented oversight, had never noticed his devotion, or even thought of him in the vaguest way as a possible victim. The fact that her brilliant, if stunted, career was rapidly pegging out, and really quite a nasty crash impending, made her modest. The incubus of debt, ever increasing, obscured her vision, and made her blind to the big, homely moth's flutterings.

But now, hearing his heavy feet grinding towards her, and watching his huge form approach, and the incubus of debt having been lifted, she suddenly saw in him an unencumbered man and a millionaire !

So she smiled upon her butcher with a smile that made his head reel, and he rushed on to his fate, encouraged by the very first favour she had ever granted him.

" I've bin lookin' for yer all over the shop ! " he gasped, and clutched at her hands.

" I'm all alone and dreaming . . . " murmured Rosaleen, and the softness in her voice was like water gliding among lilies, and the suggestion in her unfinished sentence that her dreams had been of him.

His hands were hot and clammy, and his fingers looked so ridiculously like sausages that Rosaleen giggled in the face of wisdom.

" I've bin wantin' to git yer alone the 'ole week," he panted. He was always panting. He was fat and asthmatical, and in spite of it was always hurrying. " I've only known yer for a week, but, on the other 'and, I've loved yer fer a week. I'm a millionaire some times over, and the settlements will be as 'andsome as though I were gittin' a title along with yer ! Will yer 'ave me ? "

After all, it was more of a plunge than she had

(*Continued on page 658*)

The Latest Portia

Photograph *Shadwell Clerke*

MISS AMY BRANDON THOMAS

Who recently appeared with considerable success as Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" at the Court Theatre. She is the daughter of the author of "Charley's Aunt"

(Continued from page 656)

bargained for, but the grit of a long line of ancestors who had lived by their wits stood by her, and she took it—a clear header.

She was glad he was too lost in admiration of the effect of the massive clump of diamonds he had slipped on her finger to attempt a caress quite then.

She herself was lost in wonderment at Lady Fortune's night's entertainment. Such cards as she held! All the honours! Blackmail, diamonds, and then again diamonds! True, Ivers Jerningham was thrown in with the last lot of diamonds, but he didn't even weigh an ounce! He was merely the paper bag in which his dollars were packed.

"Dream of me to-night, will yer?" the butcher murmured in his throat. "Will yer?"

"Oh, I will! I will! All night long!" she cried as she turned to run back to the house.

But she meant his millions, of course.

. . . . . .

The entire Sundermere collection was at breakfast when Rosaleen came down next morning, and the very first thing she noticed was a faint tinge of melancholy in Gerty.

She waited till there was a complete lull in the babel of voices, and then drew her bow and let fly.

"Has anybody lost anything?" she asked, with a sound in her voice like a cat purring.

There was a long, long silent moment. Everyone knew that when Rosaleen purred someone was going to pay up their old scores, and everyone looked at each other, seeking to discover the guilty soul, and every guilty soul took a look at their skeletons to see if they were still safe in their cupboards.

"No one lost anything? How droll!" purred Rosaleen once more. It was giving the guilty a second chance to own up, and Gerty suddenly caved in.

"I have," she said in a thin little voice not at all like the tones she used when reminding Rosaleen that her bridge debts were still unpaid.

Everybody's ears twitched and stretched suddenly, and excited looks dawned on their relieved faces. It was Greek and Greek, and they would be sure to get their money's worth. Sundermere was shovelling pie and bacon into his mouth at the far end, and his guests giggled wildly as they looked at him delightedly.

Rosaleen finished her kidneys and had begun on marmalade before she answered Gertrude's trembling admission.

"Have you really?" she asked. "I've found it.'

Lady Sundermere leaned right across the table, her mouth twisted into a smile, and a look in her eyes that insinuated that she was open to blackmail.

"Have you?" she cried quickly. "Oh, Rosie, how dear of you! My suspense was awful."

"It will be," said Rosie, and her backers knew that she had drawn first blood.

"Oh, no!" pleaded Gertrude, her eyes clouding over and her red lips shaking. "No . . . no."

"No? Really, mine would be too awful for words if *I* had lost a necklace."

The table breathed heavily. A necklace! Something solid!

"A diamond necklace," continued Rosie, and as she noticed Sundermere look up stupidly, "and worth eight to ten thousand pounds!"

The backers were beaming with delight. A diamond necklace worth eight or ten thousand pounds! Something more than insinuation! A personal scandal being discussed under their very noses. How droll! Really quite *too* droll, with Sundermere sitting there like a moon-struck sheep!

Pring Ponsonby, who had missed his train the night before, looked like a man in the last stages of epilepsy. Sundermere alone was calm.

"A necklace? Yours, Gertrude?" he asked.

"And worth eight thousand!" purred Rosaleen.

"So valuable? I don't remember that we managed to keep one so valuable as that, dear?"

"We didn't . . . we didn't . . . we . . . oh! Rosie. . . ."

Lady Sundermere had risen and was standing in her place, her hands gripping the table and her eyes filled with an agonised, pitiful appeal. Rosie sat perfectly still, spreading marmalade thickly on her scone, and a look of meekness on her face that made even her enemies laugh. She had endured a lot from Gerty, and she was sucking the moment dry.

"Oh, it was given to Gerty——" she said lovingly, breaking off the sentence to take a bite of scone. "It was given to her, you know, by——"

She stopped suddenly, attracted by a sudden movement of Ivers Jerningham's sausage-like fingers and a look in his little green eyes. He was staring at her as though exerting his whole soul to stop her words, his ugly features twisted into a strange hardness and his thick lips tightened till they were but a line across his massive face; his nostrils had stiffened out, adding nearly an inch to the breadth of his nose and making him look remarkably like the pigs upon whose carcases he had stepped into Society. And there was in his green eyes and quivering nose an emotion that none of the blue-blooded sons of noblemen collected at that breakfast-table possessed.

And it dawned on Rosaleen with a sudden rush that her butcher had not been educated up to this form of entertainment, and that he resented it, and that his resentment might conclude with the withdrawal of his offer! It was a toss between millions and revenge, and the millions won, hands down.

She smiled her most intoxicating smile at him, and turned to Sundermere.

"How excited you all are over nothing! The necklace was given to Gerty by the Duchess, and you all know what *she* is when any of her very-few-and-far-between presents go astray! I really am glad I found it, Gerty; she'd have thought you'd pawned it. People do pawn things these days, you know, quite respectable people. Whatever *would* you have told her, dear?"

Lady Sundermere gave a thin gasp, and sat down rather suddenly, as though someone had knocked her legs from under her. Jerningham's face relaxed to a pleased smile; and Rosaleen put her hands to her shoulders to see if by any chance her wings had sprouted. Sundermere still looked stupid.

"But worth eight thousand? I never knew the Duchess——"

"Oh, that was only Rosie's fun!" broke in Jerningham, and the whole pleasing company turned and stared at him.

"Rosie?" they shrieked.

Rosaleen rose up to fly, but her butcher caught her by the arm.

"We're hengaged!" he said triumphantly.

MURIEL A. POLLEXFEN.

London's Reflections on Itself

NOCTURNE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Photograph *Clarke*

The statuary and buildings of the Square are nightly reflected in the still pools that surround the fountains. The above photograph suggests in some ways a London picture by Van Hier

The Tragedy of Stag-Hunting

Photographs *Topical Agency*

The Stag at Bay in Forest Water

These photographs were taken at a stag-hunt which took place recently in the Forest of Halatte, France. A number of well-known people, including Prince Murat and the Comte de Vallon, attended the hunt. It is impossible to refrain from some expression of sorrow that this very cruel sport should still have so large a following. The pictures we publish above cannot but provoke profound sympathy for the poor, hunted animal in the hearts of all true sportsmen. THE BYSTANDER yields to none of its contemporaries in championing legitimate field sports, but can find little excuse for those who hunt the tame stag

GAMES AND PASTIMES

GOLF

The Opening of the Season

Though golf is a hardy perennial and has no close time, yet there is a certain period each year which more or less definitely marks the opening of the season. Winter meetings there are, to be sure, at certain clubs, but these are more in the nature of marks of continued life under inauspicious conditions than anything else. They resemble somewhat those early morning natatory delights in the frozen Serpentine in which those wonderful "all-the-year-round" bathers indulge. It is as if the golfer said, "You see we are still alive and going strong, and keeping the little ball moving." But it is decidedly not the game of golf, but rather a sort of healthy exercise, a form of out-of-doors swinging of clubs, that ancient means of exercise which prevailed in my youth and generally took place in the bath-room. Golf over frozen or muddy surfaces is but a faint and poor imitation of the real article. Some happy individuals are able to flee from these winter horrors and pursue their game under the pleasant auspices of a Southern sun. Whether at Pau, Biarritz, or on the Riviera, the golfer is sure to find plenty of adversaries ready to take him on on the excellent links of those happy playgrounds. It may savour somewhat of "sour grapes" to emit a doubt whether these lucky individuals do not miss an extraordinary pleasure which is vouchsafed to their less fortunate brethren who have to stay at home and brave the horrors of our winter climate. It is, no doubt, exceedingly pleasant to play over the Pau links in January, February, or March clothed in flannels and protected against the sun by a sun umbrella, but one misses that renewal of life and hope which the first fine spring days bring annually to those who remain here. What in the world can be more delightful than those first sunny days of spring which give fresh hope and zest both to the player and greenkeeper? Eternal blue sky and blazing sun are extremely nice, but are apt to pall after a time. I remember on my first arrival in Athens years ago remarking to my chief (who had been there some years) on the beauty of the blue sky. His reply was brief and emphatic. "You will soon get tired of that blue sky." And I soon got horribly bored by the eternal and unchanging blue and longed for a grey sky. This, I take it, is sometimes the case with those ardent sun-worshippers who follow in the train of their god and fly from our foggy shores when winter commences.

Hon. D. Finch Hatton (Capt.)
Brasenose, Oxford

E. S. Ulyatt (Capt.)
Trinity, Cambridge

'VARSITY GOLFERS
Four of the players who will take part in the Oxford v. Cambridge Match at Hoylake on April 7

C. V. L. Hooman
Brasenose, Oxford

J. F. Ireland
Trinity, Cambridge

When they return they have not the same "renascence of wonder" which the spring gives us. Well, we have, indeed, earned our reward this year, for I "forget to remember" (as the Irishman said) such a prolonged period of dismal weather as we have had ever since this time last year. However, let us hope that all these horrors are over and done with. When these lines appear most of the Southern clubs will be in the thick of their spring meetings. That will mark the beginning of the season's form, out of which we shall be able to deduce some hints for coming events. Meantime, let me wish all and sundry a pleasant and sunny Easter week, with lots of good games and a few prizes.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The Composition of Public Schools Teams

As an explanation of the conflicting results of some of the Public Schools matches to which I referred in our issue of March 16, two Wykehamist correspondents have written to point out that the match between Eton and Winchester, won by Eton by 4 goals to 2, does not stand on the same footing as that between Charterhouse and Winchester, won by Charterhouse by 2 goals to 1. In the last-named match it was the Winchester School XI. which played Charterhouse; whereas Eton *v.* Winchester was between elevens composed of the Collegers of Eton on the one side and the scholars of Winchester on the other, and, as it happened, the Winchester Scholars XI., which is drawn from only about seventy boys (instead of the 440 odd who make up the whole school), did not contain one member of the school eleven proper, and only two members of the school second eleven. The match, therefore, cannot be included among school eleven records. I am very pleased to publish this explanation, but at the same time I would remind my Wykehamist correspondents that journalists have to rely mainly for information about these school games upon reports sent up to the papers from the schools themselves, and that a common failing of these reports is that their writers are apt to forget that facts of which they themselves are fully aware are not matters of common knowledge. If I read in the papers that Eton has beaten Winchester without seeing a word in the report as to the composition of the teams, I naturally infer that Eton *has* beaten Winchester, and proceed, if I am so minded, to comment on the fact. When thereupon an irate Wykehamist (with pardonable zeal) writes and accuses me of "discreetly ignoring" (why discreetly, I wonder?) another material fact, I can only regret that I cannot lay claim to the omniscience which he does me the honour to ascribe to me.

LAWN TENNIS

Riviera Reflections

The Riviera meetings have been pursuing a somewhat uneventful course. The entries have been larger than ever, which is not to be wondered at seeing how the game is spreading on the Continent, and at Cannes, where thirty-five entered for the Men's Singles, and the other events were proportionately large, a record for the Riviera was established. But the "class" has not been conspicuously high. M. J. G. Ritchie, the best of the English contingent, had been feeling "run down" as the result of a slight operation rendered necessary by some nasal trouble, and seldom did himself justice, with the result that the French champion, Max Decugis, who was making his *début* on the Riviera, held almost undisputed sway in Singles. At Mentone these two were playing the final, and Decugis had established a lead when he fell and strained his ankle so badly that he could not go on. Ritchie, however, declined to take a walk-over, and himself retired, relinquishing the Cup to the Frenchman—an act of chivalry which, one is glad to remember, is not without precedent in lawn tennis. It recalls a similar reluctance on the part of G. W. Hillyard to win the Dinard Cup several years back by a walk-over from Dr. Eaves, who had torn a tendon in his leg. In Doubles the Anglo-Australian combination, A. Wallis Myers and S. N. Doust, did well, their defeat of Ritchie and Decugis, the strongest pair on paper, at Monte Carlo being especially praiseworthy. Both abroad and in England Doust has proved himself a stronger player in Doubles than Singles, though in Australia he was not so regarded. Of the English contingent in the ladies' events Miss Ransome, Miss Brooksmith, and Miss R. V. Salusbury have been well to the fore, Miss Salusbury, with a better knowledge of Continental hard courts to help her, having done the best of the trio.

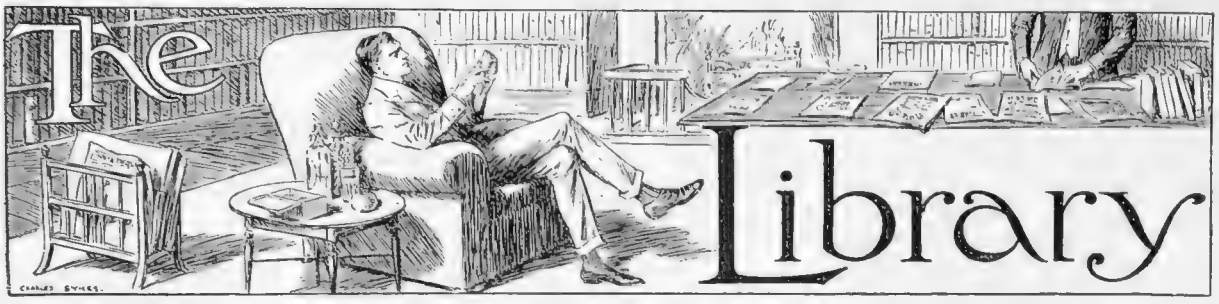
Riviera Lawn Tennis: A. Wallis Myers (left) and S. N. Doust (right)
An Anglo-Australian combination which has worked well. The pair have beaten, among others, Max Decugis, the French champion, and M. J. G. Ritchie, the English crack

Yakutsk for the Spring Recess?

A SUITABLE RETREAT FOR DESPONDENT POLITICIANS

1. Honeymooners 2. His Worship the Mayor 3. Butter-Making 4. Local Society Beauty 5. A Work-Girl
6. Local Holy Man 7. A Reaper 8. A Tree-Trunk Coffin

Cannot we tempt tired Radical politicians to spend their well-earned holiday at Yakutsk, the Siberian Ventnor? Certainly, no more suitable pleasure resort could be found for the supporters of the Government. They would not by any chance find themselves staying at the same boarding-house as a hated Tory. Moreover, hotel accommodation is exceedingly cheap, and there are no such heathen spectacles as casinos, mixed bathing, or bandstands to shock the Nonconformist conscience!



Bernard Capes's Latest

Bernard Capes is not at his best in his latest novel, *Why Did He Do It?* (Methuen: 6*s.*). The story would do very well—as a fairy-tale—boiled down to two or three thousand words. But it strikes one as being all rather purposeless, this building of a modern mystery upon so unreal a structure. After the first few chapters we are very bored with the whole thing, and take no further interest in the old Professor's and Festus's excitement over the rare book, "Antrobus's Notable Swindlers." Neither do we care a straw what was the mysterious power that made Festus rich as a Remedialist, which the repulsive old Professor insists has been stolen from him. When it transpires that this strange power emanates from the stone of the fruit with which Eve tempted Adam, one cannot restrain a smile. The characterisation is undoubtedly clever, but I am bound to affirm that, upon the whole, *Why Did He Do It?* is very disappointing.

The Art of Illustrating

A reproduction of one of the many delightful illustrations by J. Scott Williams to Ingraham Lovell's "Margarita's Soul: The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty" (The Bodley Head: 6*s.*)

A Story of India

Those who read our short story entitled "The White Lie," by Muriel Mathias, some few weeks back, would be struck by the strange similarity in plot between it and *Markham of Mohistan*, by M. T. Hainsselin (Greening: 6*s.*). Both stories are laid in India, and in each case the hero sacrifices himself in order to save the woman he loves pain. In our story the hero took upon himself the disgrace which in reality belonged to his beloved's husband; in *Markham of Mohistan*, Captain Markham takes the blame for a rather nasty incident in the career of Lord Belstone, the brother of Lady Evelyn, whom Markham worships. But here the similarity ends. The book is replete with interesting incidents, and gives not the least impression of having been spun out. Indeed, we are sorry when the very engrossing story comes to an end.

The Little Eastern Girl

I rather lost patience, I confess, with Captain Markham. He truly believes Lady Evelyn to be beyond his reach, and that not only because of his disgrace, but also on account of her social position, when, however, he has the opportunity of marrying the sweetest and daintiest little Eastern girl imaginable, Mirza by name, who adores him, and to whose charms he could not possibly be impervious, he does not take it. Why the icy Western should be preferred to the ardent Eastern, I cannot imagine, but, of course, the author knows his own business best, and equally, of course, he must make his hero the model of constancy, in order to marry him off to the apparently unattainable Lady Evelyn in the last chapter. But, I take it, not many men, outside fiction, of course, however deeply in love, would suffer the insults that Markham receives at the hands of Lady Evelyn. There is an Indian rising to lend excitement to the narrative, and the much-maligned Markham is accredited with being the leader of the enemy and a traitor. It is a good story, but I wonder what happens to Mirza?

A Good Novel

The Stone Ezel, by C. L. Antrobus (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*), is a book worthy of a place upon the library shelf. The story sustains its interest throughout, and the author writes with very considerable descriptive power, especially in the opening chapters. The Stone Ezel, or the Stone of Departure, is an old boundary-stone with a sinister reputation, and is regarded with suspicion by the whole countryside. A past tragedy in the history of the house of Adye, is the pivot upon which the story revolves.

More Society Portraiture

A TYPICAL ARABIAN LADY OF JEDDA (Wearing the Larakoa)

Whose costume suggests possibilities for advanced Feminists of our own clime. The local portrait photographer is evidently well abreast of the times—note the useful if not ornamental cane chair on the left, and the correct conventional background

A Book for Garden Lovers

In the preface to *Our Homestead and Its Old-World Garden* (Treherne: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. Arthur Trower explains that it was written primarily for his friends, but it will appeal to a much wider public, for it is filled with interesting reminiscences, many of them relating to a rapidly fading past, and the numerous illustrations add greatly to its value. The author's father was a farmer, whose garden was managed as many a farmer's garden still is owing to the reluctance to spare a man to dig and weed it, though the practice of pruning roses with a fagging-hook may have been abandoned. This is the garden, added to and beautified out of all recognition, that is so pleasantly described. Prosperity enabled Mr. Trower to buy the whole property, sixty acres altogether, and he has since devoted himself to improving it, but with the artistic restraint of the true nature-lover. So the old trees remain in the orchard, but climbers have been trained up them and daffodils and other flowers grow underneath, and everywhere the old has been delicately blended with the new. Of the men who have worked under him, as well as of the many visitors who have come—often from far countries—to see his grounds, Mr. Trower writes with sympathy and humour. He holds a high opinion not only of the character, but also of the intelligence of the agricultural labourer. He knew one who "bore a striking resemblance to Mr. Gladstone," and others to Ruskin, Carlyle, and Spencer, and if they all have families anything like that of one mentioned, who has 120 descendants, we may fairly expect (if the horticultural expression may be permitted) a heavy crop of philosophers in the counties. They are witty, too, some of them, for of a drover it is recorded that, when offered some cider with an apology for its being rather dead, he replied, "I am not surprised at it, as it was very weak and poorly the last time I came." Mr. Trower has many amusing anecdotes about his visitors. He seems to have identified himself with his work so completely that they often took him to be his own gardener and tipped him. One tip he took and spent in cigarettes, he was so annoyed at the preposterous stories which the old lady told him about her own garden instead of admiring his. This was the more unpardonable as Mr. Trower must be a delightful companion. He admits that he was once vexed because another lady let her dog charge through his daffodils, and merely admonished it with "Oh, you dear, naughty doggie," and that on another occasion he was scandalised at seeing, over a London shop, the libellous announcement, "Come in, and taste the meat-pudding the same as your mother used to make"; but nothing short of this would ruffle his serenity. Altogether, it is a most entertaining book, and one which should interest all classes of readers, whether they be gardeners or not.

H. C. Davidson.

DAFFODILS BENEATH THE TREES

One of the illustrations from Mr. Arthur Trower's "Our Homestead and Its Old-World Garden" (Treherne: 7s. 6d. net)

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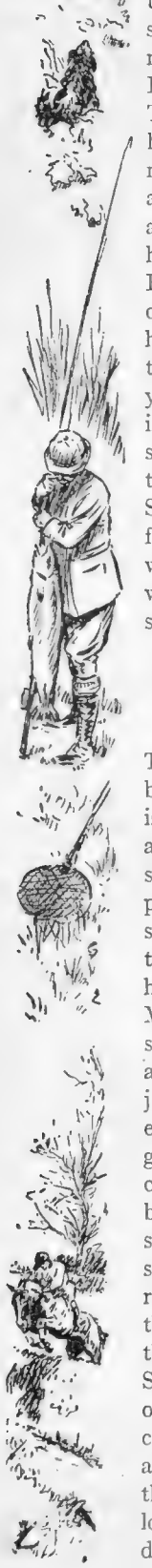
RACING AND HUNTING NOTIONS



The Derby Proposition

Time is passing along, and we shall soon be discussing the classic races in all seriousness. The first of them, the Two Thousand Guineas, is fixed for April 27, and though, of course, the Derby presents the supreme problem, it is the Newmarket race which so often sheds light on the Epsom event. My readers may like to know something about its prospects. Lemberg and Neil Gow are the horses of the moment. Then comes Admiral Hawke, Whisk Broom, and lesser lights in Tressady, Greenback, etc. The two first mentioned have wintered well. It is important to be assured of that. Lemberg is favourite for the Derby, and it is understood that he also fills that place of honour in regard to the Two Thousand Guineas. He is favourite, not because he was the best two-year-old (Neil Gow disputes that distinction), but because he has the better temperament of the two, and is, therefore, thought likely to make the better three-year-old. The theory may not be found quite correct in practice, and though both the rivals have done splendidly, I would certainly not favour opposition to the horse that showed such magnificent speed at Sandown and Kempton. Thus we must wait patiently for the Two Thousand Guineas in the hope that it will bring the horses into opposition, the outcome of which will be to make the Derby proposition considerably clearer than it is at present.

Maher's Amazing Retainer

I have reason to believe that Neil Gow will certainly run for the Two Thousand Guineas. This disposes of the assertions which have recently been made that he will not run before the Derby. As is well known, Maher is to ride him in all his races, and for the satisfaction of gaining the crack American's services Lord Rosebery has had to pay the amazing price of £4,000 as a retaining fee. Was ever a jockey so magnificently paid for riding one and at the most two or three horses which Lord Rosebery happens to have in Percy Peck's care at Newmarket? A Cabinet Minister may envy the little person who can command such a tribute from the Empire's orator. I do not think anything has been definitely settled as to Lemberg's jockey, though Frank Wootton is reported to have been engaged. Of course, Mr. "Fairie," as you know, was greatly disappointed at losing Maher, and if it be correct that Wootton has been engaged, then one can but admire the luck of this phenomenal boy, and at the same time express some surprise that he has been spared by Stanley House, to whom he is this year retained. By the way, it was rather curious to note that at Liverpool Danny Maher more than once beat the jockey who has succeeded him in the riding of the Stanley House horses. I may add now as a personal opinion that I do not fancy Tressady as a possible classic winner. He is behind Admiral Hawke, who is also about 7lb. behind the two cracks. Whisk Broom, the "Yankee," is greatly pleasing his trainer. So long as Lemberg and Neil Gow remain well they should dominate the position.

The Hunting Season

The greatest glutton for riding to hounds has surely had his fill this season. Indeed, I should not wonder if he has had more than enough, as the going for many weeks together has been terribly holding, and has detracted appreciably from the pleasures of riding across country. It is hard to remember a season in which so few days were lost by frost and fog. During December and January there were various interruptions, but all were of less than a week's duration. Nobody, then, can grumble at the open season; but, as I have said, the going has been awful for the most part. One of the keenest foxhunters whom I know wrote to me from the Badminton country early in February: "We've had good sport lately with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, but, oh! how dreadfully deep the country is—too deep for pleasure." This is typical of the feeling in the majority of hunting countries. But, there, if we had not had the rain we might have been beset by frost and fog, and they would have been infinitely worse enemies than the wet.

The Changes of Control

At the end of the season there will be the usual number of changes in Hunt establishments. Some Masters are giving up after a number of seasons in office because they desire a rest from the worries and expense which the position inevitably entails, though it has its compensating advantages. In many cases, however, the season's resignations are of men who have only held Mastership for a year or two. They have found that the command of a hunting country is not so easy a job as they expected it to be; having made this discovery, they drop the business as they would a live coal. Every year it becomes clearer that the Mastership of hounds is a position demanding qualifications of a peculiar and special nature. Yet how many hunting men with time and money to spare reckon themselves fully capable of taking over a pack of hounds? Most of them are swiftly disillusionised when they make the experiment.

A. W. C.

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY FOR 1910

"*The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*," *Feb. 12, 1910, says*:—

"That welcome little annual, 'The Sportsman's Waistcoat Pocket Diary,' is now ready on application to D. M. Gant, 25, Conduit Street, London, W. Bound in Royal Red, with novel fastener and a dainty nickel pencil-case, sportsmen will find it as useful as it is elegant. In addition to the Daily Diary, it contains a great deal of information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings in 1910, lengths of Newmarket Courses, the riding weights of jockeys and apprentices, comparative tables of English and French weights and distances, also the colours of the most prominent French owners, with the English equivalents. The Diary deals also with Mr. Gant's terms of business, which are on the 'No Limit' principle, the full starting-price being paid without any deduction—even should the odds reach or exceed 100 to 1 win and 25 to 1 a place—upon all races under Jockey Club Rules (minor events included). Upon future events where there is ante-post betting, the newspaper quotations are guaranteed up to noon, and another concession likely to be taken advantage of by many is that instructions may be sent by post, provided the letter bears the 12 o'clock post-mark of the day the races are run. The above is sent free to all existing or prospective clients."

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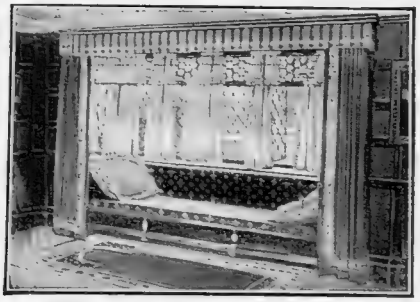

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Prizes of One Guinea each have been awarded to the following competitors, whose Acrostics, given below, are considered to be the best sent in :—

(1). Mr. F. H. BOCQUET, Rumwood, Maidstone. (Name LUCY):

Lights Up Charivari Yet

(2). Miss L. GRAY, Cedar Lawn, Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford. (Name DU MAURIER):

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Portrays Intense Neurotic Englishwomen Rather Originally

(4). Mr. A. HATCHARD, 55, Campden House Road, Kensington. (Name HICKS):

"Heavens! I'm Caught Keeping Still"

N.B.—*The Editor desires specially to congratulate the sender of the last of the above, which may well serve as a model to readers who essay to write their acrostics "sarcastic."*

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FOURTH WEEKLY SERIES.

This week, readers are invited to make their Acrostical comments on H.I.M. the Kaiser, Earl Roberts, Admiral Lord Fisher, and Mr. Hall Caine.

The sum of One Guinea will be awarded for each individual Acrostic which is adjudged to be the best. Competitors must attempt all four, and it is therefore possible for one person to succeed in winning Four Guineas.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final. The prize will be given for the Acrostic which is the aptest criticism of the individual, whether flattering or otherwise.

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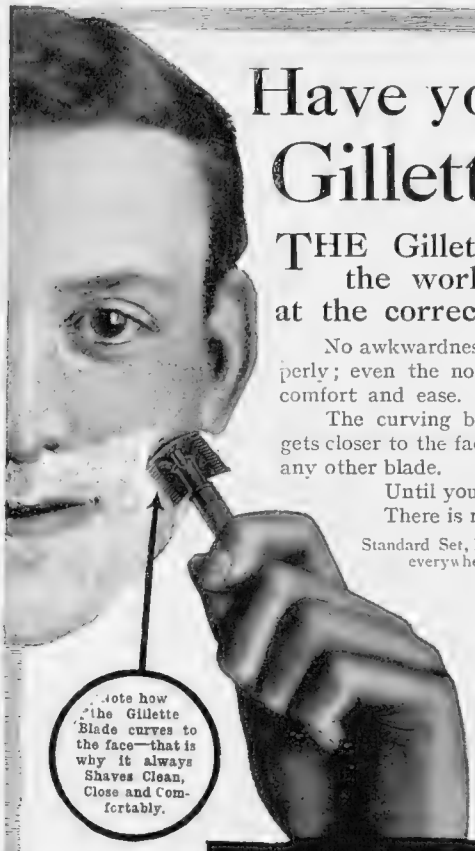

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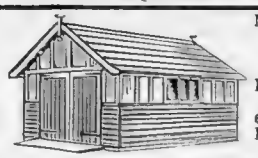

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MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Photograph *Brittain, Johannesburg*

How They Fly Over the Rand

To M. Kimmerding, a French aeronaut, using a Voisin biplane, belongs the credit of being the first successful aviator in South Africa. He is here seen making a flight of 1¼ miles at 40 miles per hour, and at a height of 80 ft., from Johannesburg on February 26

Spring Cleanings

With the advent of spring and the prospect of brighter weather motor-car owners are very naturally turning their attention to having their cars put in thorough order for the season. There are one or two little matters in this direction which should not be overlooked, and they may with advantage be recapitulated. Engine overhaul is, as a rule, entrusted to the makers or to some competent firm of motor engineers who employ skilled workmen, but even so it is desirable to satisfy oneself that no loose pins, nuts, or bolts have been left lying about in the gear-box or crank chamber. Many an aggravating *panne* might have been avoided by a careful search for these unconsidered trifles, which even the best workmen will occasionally leave as proof of their industry and zeal. The use of a spanner and a thorough inspection of the nuts on all working parts is also desirable, as is examination of the petrol tank, lubricating chamber, and carburettor jets. When a car has been lying idle for any length of time it should be an invariable rule to remove the tyre-covers and make a thorough examination of the inner tubes and valves. Where any trace of rust or corrosion is observable the rims should be scraped with a chisel, and, if necessary, repainted before the tyres are refitted. The free use of French chalk is the soundest economy in the long run, and particular attention should be bestowed on air-pressure when tyres are inflated.

Motor-Sleigh for the Antarctic

Captain Scott on the motor snow sleigh he will use on his forthcoming expedition in South Polar regions

Nice Aviation Meeting

Many British automobilists will be visiting Nice and Monaco next month for the aviation and motor-boat meetings, and it is, therefore, highly desirable that the French Government's proposed tax on visiting cars on tour be successfully opposed. Both the Touring Club of France and the Touring Commission of the A.C.F are working strenuously to convince the Senate of the folly of the suggested imposition. Already the period of immunity has been increased from ten days to one month, but it is felt that even this concession is not enough. The President of the Touring Club, in a spirited protest, remarks that the various European Governments have just arrived at a common understanding on the subject of the validity of driving and car licenses, and that for some years his organisation has struggled to remove or simplify the various artificial barriers which have affected free intercourse between the motoring communities of neighbouring countries. The President adds that reflection and a little common sense will show that the revenue from such a tax will be but infinitesimal, as foreign visitors will either stay away altogether or will leave the country before the

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No. 2.—The Doctor.

Wonderful man, the doctor!
Got tremendous pull on the race.
Only man entitled to charge for admission to the earth, and soundest possible guide on best way to enjoy the Show.
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The great bond between us is his favourite and best prescription—

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CHARMING COATS and DAINTY MILLINERY for the FAIR MOTORIST

"THE QUEEN," March 5th, 1910, says:—

. . "To be first in the field with Spring Motoring Novelties is the proud prerogative of Messrs. Dunhill's, Ltd., whose present display of Lightweight Wrap Coats and entrancing Headgear must inevitably draw all enthusiasts to this select establishment. The day is long since past and over when motor attire and inelegance were terms synonymous, latter-day taste exacting that, while of practical service, garments and headgear must now present a wholly pleasing appearance. And nowhere is this combination better understood than at Messrs. Dunhill's."

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expiration of the month in order to escape the tax and the annoyance of its attendant formalities. Meanwhile the probabilities are that the tax will be legalised, and the hotel proprietors, tyre manufacturers, and garage proprietors throughout the country will suffer accordingly. At Nice the prospects for the International aviation meeting, to be held from April 14 to 25, are regarded as decidedly encouraging. Among the entries to hand are those of Rougier, Metrot, and Swenson, with Voisin biplanes; Hubert Latham and Sands, with Antoinette monoplanes; Herr Grade, with monoplane of his own name and make; Riemsdick, with Curtiss biplane; Mr. Mortimer Singer, Duray, Van den Bonn, Effimoff, and George Charez, with Farman biplanes; and Le Blon and Olieslagers, with Blériot monoplanes. It is probable, also, that M. Paulhan, who is returning from America before the expiration of his contract, owing, it is asserted, to friction with the Brothers Wright, will take part in the proceedings, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls and Mr. Arthur Rawlinson may represent this country. The Monaco motor-boat races will not be over when the flying-men make a start, so that a highly interesting time should be enjoyed by visitors.

Miscellanea

From Eastertide onwards the Automobile Association have made special arrangements for giving and receiving reports as to the state of the roads throughout the country, police activity, and other useful information by telephone or telegram to headquarters in London and the Automobile Association's various branches in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, and Paris, where full particulars may at all times be obtained.

A remarkable record of tyre longevity is reported by Mr. F. H. Carter, motor-cab proprietor, 45, Horseferry Road, S.W., who states that a Dunlop tyre fitted to a taxi-cab in May, 1909, was taken off only this month after having covered over 10,000 miles. This tyre, which is being exhibited in the window of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company's establishment in Clerkenwell Road, E.C., is, of course, worn nearly threadbare, with here and there not inconsiderable gashes, but it was never once punctured, a wonderful experience considering the mixtures encountered on London streets; and the immunity from accidents furnishes one more proof of the quality of Dunlop motor productions. We are informed that a mileage well over 10,000 is no infrequent experience on Dunlop-tyred taxi-cabs, but to travel so far without a puncture is unprecedented. Even now the tyre could be re-treaded, and, with average luck, roll over many more miles without disaster.

Messrs. Rushmore Lamps, Ltd., of 49, Rupert Street, W., inform us that the Board of Trade have, by special permission, granted them the registration of the word "Rushmore" as a trade mark. Owing to its success, and the fact that the name Rushmore and Lens Mirror Type Headlights are connected in the mind of the public, many of the firms who have since produced copies have made use of the word "Rushmore," notably in one case where the manufacturer advertised his lamps as "Rushmore pattern." This, of course, will now be illegal.

P. G. R., THE POPULAR MOTOR SPIRIT OF THE SEASON. Suits any make of car and is obtainable at all leading garages.—Write for nearest depôt and particulars to PETROLES DE GROSNYI (RUSSIE), 101, Leadenhall St., E.C., or 94, Market St., Manchester.

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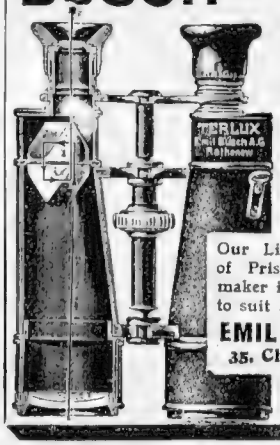

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Yours faithfully,

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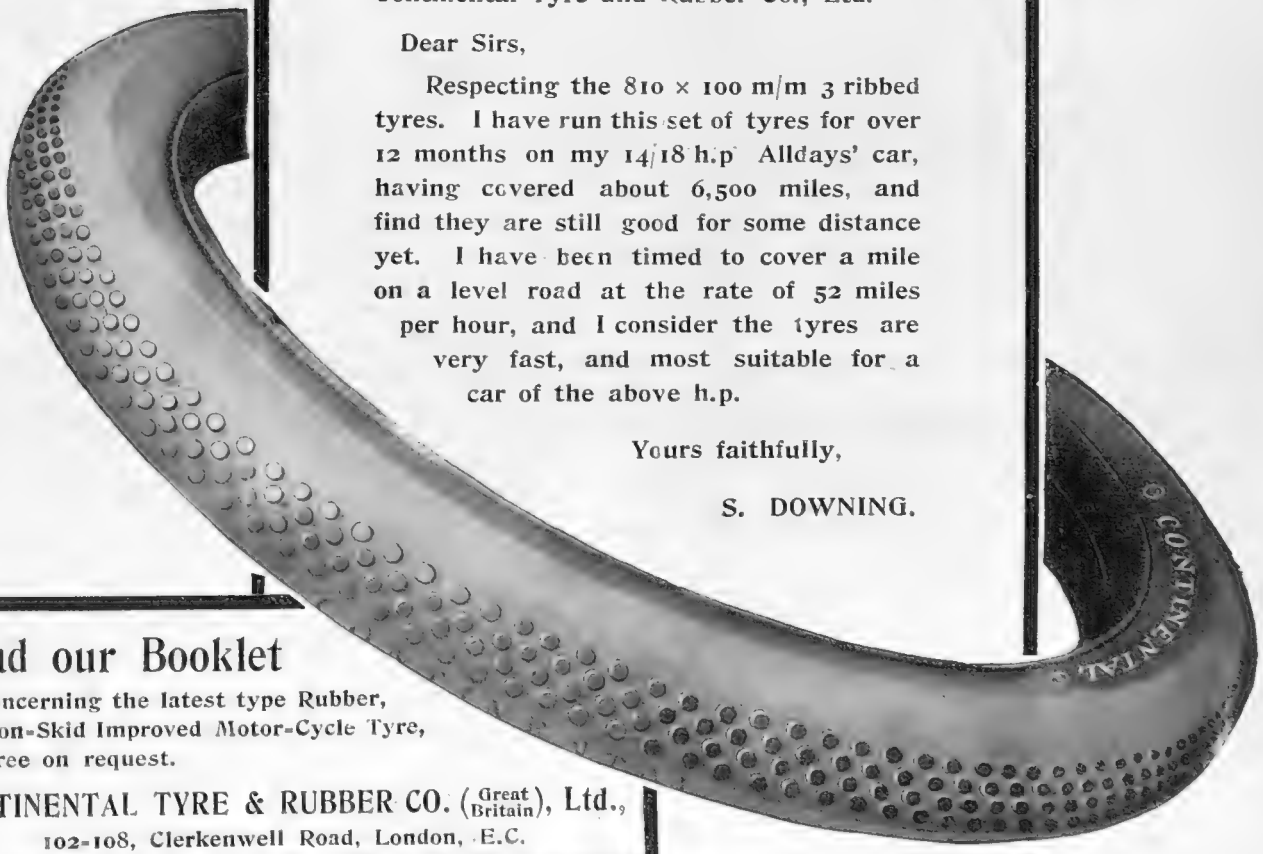

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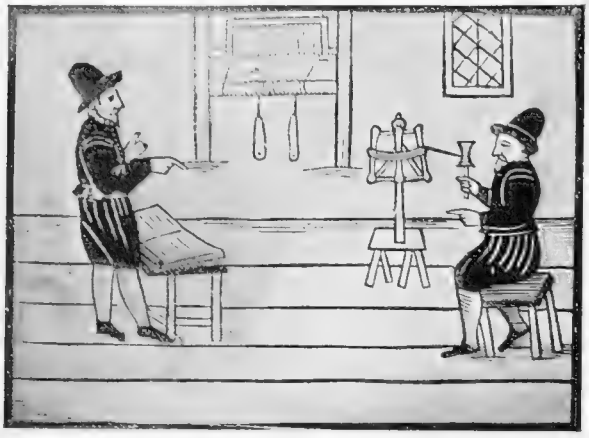

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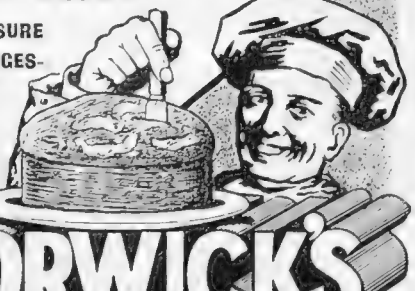

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THE "CEINTURE GAINE" *is invaluable to ladies inclined to corpulency, and the best remedy to cure it, with no injury to the health.*

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700FT. ABOVE SEA. GRAND VIEWS

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30 MINUTES FROM THE CITY AND WEST END.—An attractive Modern RESIDENCE for SALE, or would be LET. Lounge hall, 3 reception and 8 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), usual offices. Grounds of about 1 acre, tennis lawn, kitchen garden; a further 1½ acres adjoining can be had if desired. Motor-house with pit. Company's water and gas.

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NEAR EXCELLENT GOLF COURSE.—For SALE (might be Let, Unfurnished), particularly attractive and exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, occupying unique position, facing South, about 400ft. above sea level. ½ mile from station, church, and post, with unbroken country beyond. Built for owner's use regardless of expense by London architect. Hall and well staircase, dining and drawing rooms, smoking room or study and workshop fitted as photographic room, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, good cellarage. Electric light, hot-water pipes, Company's water, and telephone. Capital cottage, with excellent squash racquet court, adapted for use alternately as motor garage. Telephone to House.

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are quite a feature of the Property, and contain fine old yew trees, choice collection of flowering shrubs, wild garden, tennis lawn, rose garden, herbaceous borders, long south wall with peaches, nectarines, etc. Splendid assortment of apple and pear trees. Greenhouse and outbuildings, in all 3½ acres. Price £4,800 for House and about 3 acres, or £6,000 (two-thirds of which can remain on mortgage) with racquet court, cottage, and 3½ acres.—Personally inspected by HAMPTON and SONS, who strongly recommend it to anyone desiring to be near Town, and yet 'midst country surroundings. Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

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HANTS (near BISHOP'S WALTHAM).—For SALE, old-fashioned, comfortably arranged HOUSE, occupying delightful position in heart of country. Recently enlarged and redecorated. 9 bed, bath, lounge hall, billiard, and 3 fine reception rooms, 2 staircases, conservatory, and offices, with servants' hall. Stabling for 5; gardener's cottage. Good water supply. Splendid repair. Well-timbered grounds, umbrageous ornamental lawns, pretty woodland walks, shrubberies, and kitchen garden, in all over 2 acres.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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OVER 8 ACRES,

with grand views over the bay. Long carriage drive. Spacious entrance hall, winter garden, 4 good reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices. 5 stalls, coach house, and harness room. The grounds are especially charming, and include wide-spreading lawns, walled kitchen garden, flower beds, etc. Cottage and useful outbuildings. *Sporting of all kinds obtainable, and the neighbourhood abounds in antiquities.*—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, who have inspected and can recommend. Offices 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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ON THE SURREY HILLS, close to famous golf course, 2 miles from an express station, 40 minutes from City or West End.—For immediate SALE, a handsome modern RESIDENCE, with 9 (or up to 100) acres of parklike grounds, including large well-stocked kitchen garden with greenhouses. Long carriage drive through a lovely wood with lodge at entrance. 600ft. above the sea. On dry soil, and South aspect. 5 reception, bath, and 14 bedrooms; servants' hall and offices; 2 staircases. Capital stabling with men's rooms over.—Recommended from personal inspection by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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TWO HOURS SOUTH OF TOWN.—For SALE, at a moderate figure, an interesting old FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, with modern additions, within easy drive of an important town, 1½ miles from station, well screened by thick belt of trees, and finely timbered old gardens and meadow-land of about 16 acres. Lofty hall (25ft. by 20ft.) with old oak panelling, wide gallery staircase with lantern roof, dining room (20ft. square), with bay opening to gardens, drawing room (25ft. by 20ft.), heated and communicating with large conservatory, library (20ft. by 16ft.), usual offices with servants' hall, good cellars, 5 best bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms, 2 secondary rooms, and 3 attics. The reception rooms are all panelled in old oak, and have handsome carved fireplaces and mantels. S.E. aspect. 2 tennis lawns, croquet lawn, 2 kitchen gardens, and 2 excellent paddocks. Modern sanitation. Stabling for 6. Motor garage for 3 cars and man's room; 7-roomed cottage. Small farmery, kennels, and 2 other cottages. Good hunting and shooting in district. Golf 1 mile.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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NORTH WALES (in one of the most beautiful parts).—To be LET, Furnished, for the Summer or longer, or might be SOLD, a compact ESTATE of about 600 ACRES, with the above artistic Residence, containing: lounge hall, drawing room (48ft. by 18ft.), 3 other reception rooms, all heated by hot water, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 5, coach-house, garage, 5 cottages.

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Charming grounds, waterfalls, rustic bridges, terraced gardens, tennis court, and 150 acres of woodland. — Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,622)

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8½ ACRES MEADOWS AND OLD-WORLD GROUNDS.

A DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, cleverly modernised without spoiling its character. Accommodation: lounge hall with old oak beams, drawing room, conservatory, dining room, library, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling and garage. Price, Freehold, £3,600.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.
A COMPACT RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 38½ ACRES.

£5,000, FREEHOLD.—The RESIDENCE is most substantially built, and occupies a beautiful position well away from roads. It is approached by a carriage drive

OVER ¼ MILE LONG,

and contains: lounge hall (24ft. by 21ft. 6in.), dining room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), drawing room (25ft. 6in. by 23ft. 9in.), morning room, and smoking room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 9 horses, double coach-house, and men's rooms; well-timbered pleasure grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, paddock, and parklike meadows, in all 38½ acres; shooting, fishing, hunting, and golf in neighbourhood.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,486)

MESSRS.
KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
have removed their Estate Department to
20, HANOVER SQUARE, W.,
but will continue their Auction Sales of Pictures, Furniture, Jewellery, etc., at
9, CONDUIT STREET, W.,
until July next, when their new Auction Sale Rooms at 20, Hanover Sq. will be completed.

By KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY.

SURREY HILLS (Harestone, Caterham, occupying a beautiful position over 500ft. above sea level).—A FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, ½ mile from Caterham station, 7 miles from Croydon and Redhill, 45 minutes from London.

The House, which is exceptionally well built and planned, contains: lounge hall, billiard, 5 reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; extensive stabling, coach-house, men's rooms, 3 cottages and farm-buildings, pleasure grounds, shrubberies, woodland, 2 tennis courts, rose and rock gardens, walled kitchen garden, pond; enclosures of rich meadow-land, in all about 32 ACRES; also 3 exceptional sites for country residences, extending to about 6 ACRES. Date of Auction, June 14.—Solicitors, Messrs. MERRIMANS and THIRLBY, 3, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, E.C. Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY
(in conjunction with COOPER and WACHER, of Canterbury).

KENT.—"ERSHAM HOUSE," CANTERBURY (10 minutes from Canterbury railway station).—A charming old-fashioned FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, secluded in well-timbered grounds of nearly 12 ACRES: billiard, 4 reception, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices: stabling for 4, coach-house, harness room, and men's rooms; 2 cottages, spacious lawns, shrubbery walks, walled kitchen garden, greenhouses, and parklike meadow-land. Date of Auction, May 4.—Particulars and conditions of Sale in course of preparation. Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

SURREY.—"FROLBURY MANOR," ABINGER (between Dorking and Guildford, on a spur of the Leith Hill Range; about 500ft. above sea level; 2½ miles from Gomshall Station).

The Residence is surrounded by well-timbered grounds and is approached by a drive with lodge entrance, and contains: lounge hall with gallery, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms and complete offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. Stabling, garage, lodge, and cottages, etc.; the grounds are of great natural beauty, with terraced lawns, shrubberies, wilderness garden, etc., and parklike land, in all rather over 20 ACRES. Date of Auction, June 14 next.—Messrs. J. E. LICKFOLD and SONS, Solicitors, 57, Moorgate Street E.C.; Auctioneers, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

BY KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY.

SURREY.—"ARNOLDS," HOLMWOOD (in one of the most beautiful parts of the county, 1 mile from Holmwood Station, 4 miles from Dorking, 8 miles from Horsham, and 28 miles from London).—The Residence occupies a fine situation commanding beautiful views: lounge hall, billiard, 4 fine reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, and ample offices; electric light installed; heated by hot-water radiators; stabling for 6; lodge and 4 cottages; farmery, charming pleasure grounds, hard and grass tennis courts, shrubberies, roseries, large kitchen garden, and rich, well-watered meadow-land, in all about 68 ACRES.—Solicitors, Messrs. BROUGHTON, BROUGHTON and HOLT, 12, Great Marlborough Street, W.; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

SUSSEX (commanding some of the finest views in the county, ½ mile of post, telegraph, and shops).—To be SOLD, a

RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

of about 200 acres, with

OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE

in excellent repair, and with the following accommodation: lounge hall (24ft. by 12ft.), 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; there are about 10 acres wood, 50 acres arable, and the remainder good pasture; 2 cottages. Would be divided.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,603)

GOOD COUNTRY HOUSE IN SMALL PARK.
HERTS. G.N.R. 2 MILES FROM STATION.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 46 acres. The House stands in a small but well-timbered park, approached by a long carriage drive, and contains: entrance and inner halls, 3 lofty reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, and ample offices; stabling for 4; delightful old-world pleasure grounds.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

EXCELLENT HUNTING DISTRICT.
ABOUT 2 HOURS FROM TOWN.

FOR SALE, a beautiful ELIZABETHAN MANSION, seated in a fine deer park of nearly 350 acres. Accommodation: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 35 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; extensive stabling; electric light installed. Lovely old gardens and grounds with 3 sheets of ornamental water; golf course in park.—Photos, plan, and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON GRAVEL SOIL.
UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE.
FARMERY. 2 COTTAGES.

CHILTERN HILLS.—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above well-appointed RESIDENCE, in perfect order. Accommodation: large lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception rooms, winter garden, 11 bedrooms, 3 fitted bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; electric light; Company's water; National telephone; excellent stabling for 4, and men's room; 2 cottages; matured grounds of about 6 acres, full-sized sunk croquet lawn, and meadowland. There are a model dairy and farmery adjoining, with about 30 acres of grassland, which could probably be had by arrangement; hunting with the Old Berkeley Hounds.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

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MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

WEST HILL, PUTNEY.

ON THE HIGH GROUND NEAR PUTNEY HEATH AND WIMBLEDON COMMON (about 15 minutes walk from Putney Station, 7 minutes from East Putney Station, and about 5 miles from Hyde Park Corner).—The above substantially built and exceedingly desirable FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, known as

"STONE HOUSE,"

standing well back from the road, approached by a carriage sweep, and containing: 4 fine reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, and excellent offices; electric light; delightfully timbered old pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens, and glasshouses, a small paddock, excellent motor accommodation, and first-class stabling for 8 horses, the whole comprising an area of about 3¼ acres; valuable frontages to West Hill and Gressenhall Road.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, April 5, 1910, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold).—Particulars of Messrs. PYKE, PARROTT and Co., Solicitors, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

NEWBURY (near).—Desirable small ESTATE of 77 ACRES for SALE, price £3,500. In a high and beautiful situation, with fine views over the Highclere Hills. Good farmhouse, buildings, 2 thatched cottages; 30 acres arable, 41 pasture, 4 woodland; small outgoings; property exceptionally well placed for the erection of a large house.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,464)

HERTS (near HITCHIN).—£2,500 only for a capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 11 acres, with stabling for 7, 2 cottages, farmery, inexpensive well-timbered grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard, and grassland: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; 2 miles from station; hunting, golf. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,589)

HANTS (near Andover).—£3,500 will PURCHASE a Bijou JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE with a FARM of 127 ACRES. Lovely part of the country; high and healthy, with good views. House in excellent order: 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, hall, and offices; carriage drive approach; pleasure and kitchen gardens, meadow-land, farm-buildings, etc.; hunting with 3 packs: good shooting district. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,147)

OLD QUEEN ANNE MANOR HOUSE.

GLOUCESTER AND WORCESTER BORDERS.—For SALE at £1,250: 4 sitting rooms, 12 bedrooms; walled garden and orchard, IN ALL 3 ACRES; stabling for 3.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,993)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

HERTS AND BEDS BORDERS (under an hour from Town, close to the town of Luton).—For SALE, a valuable CORN and SHEEP FARM of 287 acres; good old pasture, wood, down, and sound arable land; capital farmhouse, excellent and adequate buildings. Some of the land, from its proximity to Luton, will increase in value for building purposes in the near future; nominal outgoings. Moderate price.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,897)

THIS OLD-WORLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE, just over 1 hour from Town.—Lounge hall, 3 sitting rooms, second hall, 4 bedrooms, 2 servants' attics, bath (h. and c.), stabling, and coach-house; 300ft. high; near good golf links; delightful garden. FOR SALE, CHEAP.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,925)

HERTS, BETWEEN ST. ALBANS AND HARPENDEN.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF SALE of an exceedingly attractive RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE known as

"FLAMSTEADBURY,"

comprising some of the best agricultural land in the county, and including an exceedingly comfortable Family Residence, standing upwards of 400ft. above sea level, and eminently suitable for the occupation of a gentleman who is also interested in agricultural pursuits. There is an extensive farmstead designed and arranged on the most approved modern principles, and affording every accommodation for pedigree live stock. The Property also comprises a compact agricultural holding known as GREENLANDS FARM, with capital farmhouse and buildings. The Estate, which extends over about

745 ACRES,

affords excellent partridge and ground game shooting.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION during the early summer unless previously sold privately.

Particulars of Messrs. GREENFIELD and CRACKNALL, Solicitors, 3, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C., or the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

HANTS AND BERKS BORDERS. IN THE BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF NEWBURY.

KINGSCLERE HOUSE, KINGSCLERE.

Contiguous to the Downs and within an easy motor drive of Newbury and Basingstoke.

THIS DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY comprises an area of about 17 ACRES, and includes a picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE (see view above), standing about 330ft. above sea level, in a sheltered position, amidst finely timbered parkland, and approached by 2 carriage drives with one lodge entrance. The House contains: 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices; exceptionally fine stabling for 9 horses; garage, farmery, and 2 cottages; ample water supply—no pumping; electric light; beautiful old-world pleasure grounds with ornamental water, glasshouses, etc. The whole Property is in faultless condition. About 2,000 acres of first-class shooting, and additional land now rented can be had if required. Golf 3 miles distant; trout fishing on property; hunting.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Wednesday, June 8, 1910, at 2 o'clock (if not sold previously).—Particulars of Messrs. HAMMOND and RICHARDS, Solicitors, 26, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., or the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

HERTS (St. Albans).—For SALE, capital COUNTRY HOUSE, 300ft. above sea, on gravel, with stabling for 3 horses, motor garage, coach-house, groom's room; charming garden and grounds of 8 acres: 8 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; acetylene gas; a mile from Midland station. Moderate price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,171)

HERTS (Harpenden).—To be SOLD, FREEHOLD, or LET, Furnished, a capital modern HOUSE, in secluded position, 300ft. above sea, with stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, etc.; good gardens and grounds of 6 acres: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; near golf and hunting; a mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,172)

SEVENOAKS AND WROTHAM (between).—£2,850 for a charming old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, 400ft. above sea, on dry sand, and commanding lovely views; long carriage drive approach, with lodge: 6 bedrooms, 2 staircases, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, and offices; stabling; well-timbered grounds of 4 acres, tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, and paddocks. Or would be LET, Unfurnished. 1½ miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,122)

AMIDST EXTENSIVE COMMON LAND (23 miles by road, 35 minutes by rail from London).—A choice little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY (illustrated above) to be SOLD: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; stabling, men's rooms, etc.; very pretty grounds, gardens, orchard, and meadow. Additional land if required.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (15,830)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

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TO YACHTING MEN AND OTHERS.
OVERLOOKING SEA AND RIVER.

LOVELY DEVON (IN THE FINEST POSITION ON THE SOUTH COAST, Aune Cross and Higher Aunemouth; ½ mile of sea and 300ft. above same).—To be SOLD, this exceedingly choice PROPERTY, with up-to-date Residence, as above, HEATED THROUGHOUT and lighted by ACETYLENE GAS: 3 reception, billiard room, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom; lodge; cottage; stabling and motor-house; PRETTY GROUNDS, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, and land, in all 54 ACRES; also second House, with 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; farmery. Property would be SOLD as a whole, or Residence, stabling, lodge, cottage, and about 5½ acres would be SOLD separately.—For SALE, privately, or by AUCTION, on May 24 next, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

LOVELY DORKING.—An exceptionally choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, "Ribblesdale," in exceedingly pretty grounds of over 1 ACRE; tennis lawn, flower garden, kitchen garden, etc.: 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall; entrance lodge; stabling for 6 horses.—For SALE privately, or by AUCTION, on May 24 next, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO POLO PLAYERS AND GOLFERS.
20 MINUTES' MOTOR RUN OF WEST-END.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED, a delightful RESIDENCE, in charmingly timbered grounds of 3½ acres: 9 bed and dressing, 4 reception, 2 bathrooms; gas, electric light, telephone; every modern convenience; stabling for 5; near 2 golf and 4 polo clubs.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. Inspected and recommended.

RIVER SEASON, 1910.

MESSRS. HARRODS (LTD.) have now a Representative residing in the centre of the THAMES VALLEY DISTRICT, and will supply particulars of all available Houses on receipt of requirements; or PERSONALLY CONDUCT applicants over suitable Properties.

A REALLY EXQUISITE PROPERTY.

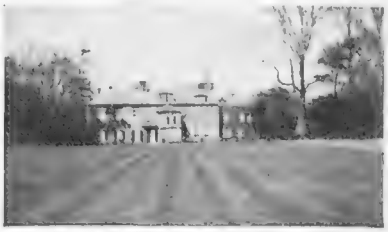
WIMBLEDON COMMON (close to).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally well-built and magnificently fitted RESIDENCE, known as "GRAYLANDS," standing in exceedingly pretty grounds of 5 acres: vestibule, inner hall or saloon (33ft. by 15ft.), 3 reception, billiard room, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling 4; glasshouses; electric light. Will be SOLD by AUCTION, at an EARLY DATE, unless previously disposed of by PRIVATE TREATY, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, in conjunction with Messrs. HAMPTON and SONS, Cockspur St.; or Wimbledon.

KENT (45 minutes of London).—Exceptionally choice RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 40 ACRES, well away from road: 4 reception, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and offices.
STABLING FOR 12 HORSES, COTTAGES.
Exceedingly pretty grounds, tennis lawn, flower garden, orchard; electric light throughout. For SALE privately, or by AUCTION, on May 24 next.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WALTON HEATH GOLF LINKS, overlooking and adjoining same.—Picturesque RESIDENCE, in grounds of 3 ACRES: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathrooms; stabling for 4, cottage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

45 MINUTES FROM THE CITY (favourite Residential District in Herts, from at once until end of July or August).—Well-furnished RESIDENCE, nearly 300ft. above sea: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, servants' hall; stabling; well-timbered grounds, 3 acres.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,905)

FINE YACHTING CENTRE.



CLOSE TO THE SOLENT (for 3, 9, or 12 months).—This comfortable old FAMILY RESIDENCE, in grounds of 5 acres, surrounded by parklike lands of nearly 120 acres: 9 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception, billiard; stabling. RENT, ONLY 10 GNS. P.W. Open to offer.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F2,724)

AMIDST THE PINE WOODS.

BYFLEET, SURREY.—A well-built attractive RESIDENCE, known as "SUNNYSIDE," standing in pretty grounds of about 1 ACRE, with tennis lawn, flower garden, etc.: pretty hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, MOTOR-HOUSE.—For SALE privately, or by AUCTION, on May 2, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BANKS OF THE THAMES.—To be SOLD, valuable FREEHOLD RIVERSIDE PROPERTY: 12 bed, 2 fitted baths, 4 reception, billiard, outer and inner halls, complete domestic offices; capital stabling for 3, double coach-house, 3 living rooms over; well-matured grounds, 2½ acres, 2 tennis lawns, kitchen and flower gardens; boathouse, etc.—Price and further particulars, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S. R. 1,694)

SURREY (under 50 minutes from Town).—Very comfortable and well-arranged RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished or Unfurnished: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; nice gardens and grounds, 2 acres. LOW RENT as owner going abroad unexpectedly for 3 or 4 years.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (9,458)

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.,

ESTATE AGENTS, 29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

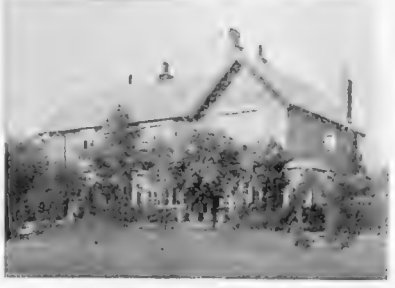
CHISLEHURST.—To be SOLD, with possession, a compact RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, within 5 minutes' walk of Elmstead station, comprising an attractive old-fashioned Residence, having 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; placed in beautifully timbered and tastefully laid-out grounds of nearly 11 acres, with stabling, gardener's and groom's cottages, ranges of hothouses, small farmery, etc. Near to 3 Golf Courses.—Full particulars of Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS and Co., 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR SUMMER MONTHS.

ON THE THAMES, occupying a commanding position in BRAY REACH. The beautiful RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY,
"OAKLEY COURT,"
comprising the luxuriously appointed Tudor-Gothic Residence, containing: 6 reception rooms (with winter garden, palm-houses, and conservatories attached), 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 nurseries, 4 bathrooms, bedroom accommodation for 16 servants; stabling for 14 horses, motor and carriage houses, etc.; beautifully timbered pleasure grounds and park, having nearly ½ mile of river frontage with launch and boathouses, lawns, Alpine garden and lake, golf course, fruit and vegetable gardens, extensive ranges of vineries and other glasshouses; gardener's houses, electric light station, etc.; covering an area of about 50 ACRES.—For full particulars and orders to view, apply to Messrs. GRIMLEY and SON, 39 and 40, Temple Street, Birmingham; and Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS and Co., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.

HANTS (in the beautiful pinewood and heath country, between Haslemere and Petersfield).—RESIDENCE, with 8 or 50 acres, TO BE SOLD. A choice Freehold Residential Property, comprising a really first-class family Residence, seated in extensive and beautiful pleasure grounds, together with stabling, cottages, model farmery, glasshouses, kitchen garden orchard, paddock, arable and pasture-land, pinewoods and plantations, area about 50 acres; or the Residence with only 8 acres would be sold if desired. The Property commands grand panoramic views of the Weald of Sussex, the South Downs, the wooded slopes of Selborne, the heights of Woolmer Forest, Hindhead, and the open country stretching to the Hog's Back.—For full particulars apply to Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS and Co., 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

WORCESTER PARK.—An attractive FAMILY RESIDENCE, half timber-built, with rough-cast and red brick elevation, standing in beautiful pleasure grounds, and containing: large hall, drawing room (25ft. by 19ft.), conservatory, dining room (24ft. by 18ft.), morning room, business room, billiard or smoking room, 12 bedrooms, dressing room with bath, bathroom, and other conveniences; excellent domestic offices, with excellent fruit and kitchen gardens, gardener's house, lodge entrance, stabling for 5 horses, farm-buildings, and accommodation land. To be SOLD or LET.—For particulars apply to FAREBROTHER, ELLIS and Co., Estate Agents, 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



1 ACRE OF GROUNDS.

KINGSTON HILL.—The above delightful RESIDENCE to be SOLD, standing in lovely grounds of over an acre, with full-sized tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and glasshouses, close to Coombe Woods and Richmond Park, 5 minutes from station. It contains: 6 large bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms (including lounge hall, 16ft. square, with fireplace) and excellent offices; first-class repair; electric light; gravel soil; perfect drainage. Price, 2,000 gns. (about two-thirds original cost).—NIGHTINGALE, PHILLIPS and PAGE, Auctioneers and Surveyors, Kingston-on-Thames. (Tel. Kingston P.O. 235)

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AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT, 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR, VALUER.

NORTHANTS.—To be LET, Furnished, a fine old CASTELLATED MANSION, approached by 2 drives. The House has been recently enlarged, redecorated, and fitted with double sound-proof floors and double windows; it is heated by hot water, and lighted throughout by electricity. The accommodation comprises: on the ground floor, large entrance hall, conservatory, billiard room, morning room, drawing room, tea room; on the first floor are 7 principal bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 w.c.'s; on the second floor, 3 bedrooms, bathroom with electric-light bath, music room, studio; there is an Italian garden on a portion of the roof of the house; in a wing over the domestic offices are 8 maid-servants' rooms, workroom, bathroom, w.c., heated linen room, with excellent domestic offices below; an abundant supply of water; modern drainage; modern stabling, comprising 14 loose boxes, wash-box, 6 stalls, 2 large coach-houses, etc.; above are a kitchen, men's sitting room, 5 bedrooms, and bathroom; electric dynamo-house and numerous outbuildings.
Apply, F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (M 2,007)

WITH EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE.

HERTS (near Hitchin).—To be LET, Furnished, an old-fashioned Sixteenth-Century RESIDENCE, situated in a well-timbered park at an elevation of 550ft. above sea level. The House, which faces South, has recently been redecorated, and contains: lounge hall, drawing room, smoking room, morning room, 2 staircases, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall; and usual domestic offices; the stabling includes 3 loose boxes, harness room, and coach-houses; the garden with tennis lawn extends to about 2 acres.
Apply. F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (E 1,314)

NEAR THE ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S LINKS.

THIS GENUINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE for SALE.—Contains: tiled entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, servants' hall, etc.; gas and water laid on; modern drainage; stabling and small grounds; 2 miles from the Royal St. George's Golf Links at Sandwich. Price, only £4,000.
F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria St., S.W. (U 1,612)

FARMHOUSE, ADJOINING GOLF LINKS. IN A RURAL SPOT. ½ HOUR FROM CITY.

£150 PER ANNUM is required for the above-depicted FARMHOUSE, with 6 acres of land. It contains: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, bathroom, etc.; gas and water laid on; stabling and outbuildings.
F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,273)

WEEK-END COTTAGE.

KENT.—To be SOLD, an exceptionally well and substantially built BUNGALOW RESIDENCE, occupying a picked spot of rare beauty and seclusion in "The Garden of England"; the property slopes away to the banks of the Medway, which affords excellent fishing and delightful boating; the accommodation includes: wainscotted hall, 2 lofty reception rooms (16ft. by 16ft.), 4 bedrooms (16ft. by 13ft.), bathroom, large kitchen, and usual offices; the garden is well laid out and extends to 2 acres. Price £875. Inspected and recommended.
F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria St., S.W. (U 1,230)

FURNISHED WITH ANTIQUES.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS.—This charming old HOUSE, on two floors only, to be LET, Furnished, at 8 gns. weekly. Surrounded by hilly and wooded country and standing in lovely old grounds: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices; stabling for 3 horses, garage with pit, coach-house, beautiful old garden of about 3½ acres. Inspected and recommended.
F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (E 1,006)

FURNISHED COUNTRY HOUSES

REQUIRED IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

BY

F. J. RONALD,

72, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Who, on application, will supply

"Form for Particulars."

OPPOSITE GOLF LINKS.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be LET or SOLD, owing to death of owner, the above most attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, designed by the celebrated architect, Norman Shaw, standing in beautiful pleasure grounds of nearly 5 acres, at an elevation of about 450ft., and commanding extensive views. The accommodation comprises: entrance halls, dining room, drawing room, billiard room, morning room, lavatory, domestic offices, 8 bedrooms and a dressing room, bathroom, 2 heated linen cupboards, etc.; gas and water laid on; conservatories and vineries entered from hall; every known variety of rhododendron is represented in the garden; well-planted carriage drive.

SMALL ORNAMENTAL LAKE AND BOATHOUSE.

2 tennis lawns, paddock, plantation, very fine orchard, and well-stocked kitchen garden. There are excellent

GOLF LINKS

immediately opposite the Property; station and telegraph office, ½ mile; picturesque church and village, ¼ mile.
Inspected and very strongly recommended by F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria St., S.W. (U 1,363)

A MILE FROM THE RIVER. ON HIGH GROUND.

45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED, the above prettily designed COTTAGE RESIDENCE, commanding splendid views, and situated in a small but charming garden; contains: 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Rent moderate.
F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria St., S.W. (O 40)

A TRULY MAGNIFICENT POSITION. 700FT. UP.

20 MILES ONLY FROM TOWN.—A charming old-fashioned GABLED RESIDENCE to be LET or SOLD. The House is in perfect order, and contains: 4 reception rooms, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc. The CAPITAL STABLING comprises 4 stalls, 2 loose boxes, large coach-house, 3 living rooms, etc.; numerous outbuildings; the beautiful old pleasure grounds are well timbered; the House can be taken with from 14 to 90 acres; electric light; Company's water; gravel and sandy soil; modern drainage.
F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria St., S.W. (U 1,518)

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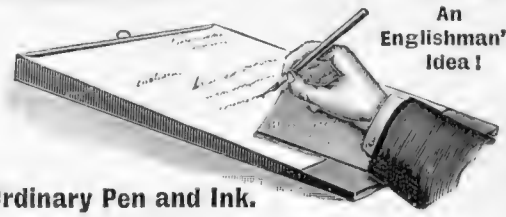

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By MRS. JACK MAY

EASTERTIDE, as always, stems for the moment the stream of smarter attire in favour of the simple knockabout suit and country hat, although, considering the outlook, it will be a trifle more difficult than usual to detect the line between what is smart and what is simple since the general keynote of tailoring is simplicity. As goes without saying, there is the distinctive rough-and-ready or cross-country suit, a matter dealt with exhaustively each week: but a suit, for example, such as Mrs. Dorothy Millar has made the subject of her sketch, would meet a variety of vicissitudes both in town and country.

Nor am I prepared to make any apology for suggesting the time-honoured fine coating serge, merely ornamented with self-covered buttons, and the neck finished with a white embroidered lawn and lace collar. The feature of the cut lies in the seams, taken from beneath the arm and carried down below the waist to centre back and apparently buttoned there, an outline that, as the picture reveals, is very artistically repeated in the skirt. The fronts close diagonally, and beneath them the patent leather belt holding in the fulness at the back and sides is passed.

It will doubtless be noted the sleeves are three-quarter length, a revival that is to be somewhat regretted. But there it is, and, fortunately, there is no hard-and-fast rule with regard to sleeves at present. One rather strange feature, however, has crept up in their connection in the guise of a narrow *plissé* white frill employed as a finish to the cuff. Although the lingerie collar is well patronised, it is by no manner of means an imperative accompaniment of this sleeve lingerie frill. The latter is adopted over and over again as an entirely distinct detail.

A Suit of Fine Coating Serge

Ornamented with self-covered buttons, and the neck finished with a white embroidered lawn and lace collar

(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street

Although only one issue, and almost, one may say, a minor one, perhaps nothing emphasises more strongly how lost tissues can be revived than the Cyclax treatment of the throat. The Cyclax Skin Food works wonders with a skin that has fallen into wrinkles and obviously lost vitality. Properly and consistently applied, a very short time suffices to mark an appreciable change, the skin plumping out after the pores are cleansed of impurities; while the food actually gets down to the root of things and rebuilds the decayed tissues. There is nothing at all miraculous in this; it is just pure scientific knowledge worked up into the concrete form of a skin food. And the proof of this pudding is very much in the eating, the Cyclax remedies gaining stronger life every day through the medium of personal recommendation, than which there is no sounder advertisement.

It is no part of the policy here merely to effect a transitory improvement, the taking of each case on its individual needs practically guaranteeing success, the utmost care being exercised in prescribing the

necessary emollients or astringents as the case may be. What is so particularly good about the Cyclax remedies is the inducement they provide for the proper development of nature's gifts.

Further remarkable results have recently been obtained with the Cyclax Special Lotion after the ravages wrought to the skin by wind and rough weather. The facility with which this lotion removes all redness and roughness is truly amazing. A skin of unattractive colour and texture will, in the short space of a few days, become white and clear, obviously as nature intended. In fact, it may be said to be the sole aim of the Cyclax treatment to effect a permanent cure, and that this end has been achieved over and over again is testified to by hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. It is a rigid rule, however, with them never to publish names, but they are just bringing out a book of these testimonials, unsigned, which should prove interesting reading.

Renowned Boot Preparations

With a reputation of over a hundred years to go upon, Messrs. E. Brown and Son, whose boot polishes and creams are world renowned, hold a record position. Nothing has ever tempted them in the shape of rivalry to deviate from the straight path of fine quality. And as a result they ride to-day on the very crest of the van.

Footgear has never been in greater prominence than at the present moment, and there is no more necessary adjunct to one's possessions than the Meltonian Polishing Outfits. These are put up in three different sizes, the two first being respectively confined to a tin of either black or brown polish, best quality polishing pad and special brush, and sold at the modest sum of 1*s.* 6*d.* For 2*s.* 3*d.* a double outfit is obtainable, while for 3*s.* there is an exhaustive supply, comprising a tube of Meltonian Cream, either black or white, bottle or tube of Lutetian Cream for brown boots and shoes, two polishing cloths, two cloths for applying the polish, and a useful hard bristle brush for removing the dirt. The boxes in which the outfits are put up are quite decorative, and at the same time thoroughly practical and light in weight. Equipped with one of Messrs. Brown and Son's Polishing Outfits one can safely defy the most inadequately servanted household.

Nothing, moreover, escapes their vigilant eye. Thus, with the Lutetian Cream there is a light and a dark shade. Nor is there anything to surpass Messrs. Brown's Parian White for cleaning all kinds of buckskin and canvas boots. This is a unique preparation, produced in grey, buff, and white, and is always of especial interest at the advent of the summer months.

An Effective Shantung Hat

Here is shown a charming shape of natural shantung, the brim curled up all round to show a lining of black straw, a broad soft *faille* ribbon swathing the crown, and bunched into a large *chou* at the left side, held by one of the novel barbaric bead embroidered *cabochons*

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Delusive Simplicity

The deeper one gets into the scheme of modes this year the more one is impressed by the subtleties which produce apparently simple results without revealing the stupendous amount of work introduced. And, as time will show, even the popular little tub frock will not be exempt from this ruling. I am considerably impressed by the effective importance of some heavy white linen costumes trimmed with bands of coloured linen, and conventional *motifs* introduced at various points of the latter, worked round and about with a narrow white braid. One of these models had for its colour-note a brick-dust red linen, which was taken up in a wide *plissé* frill of lawn, introduced at the left side opening of the corsage and repeated in a *suède* waist-belt, also in a smart wing-mount that formed the sole decorative relief to an extremely coarse straw toque. The cotton *crêpons*, too, promise to make up into the daintiest tub frocks, though these will require some expert handling, and are certainly not the choice for the aspiring little dressmaker.

The *crêpon* shirt blouse, by the way, is a veritable joy. It is so easily laundered, and, strange to say, has not crept as yet into the realms of over-popularised things. To return, however, to this decisive simplicity, which will be most emphatically realised in costly tailor-mades, one can see the expert salesman or woman talking glibly of some dear little suit that conceals in the subtlest manner a veritable wealth of sartorial knowledge, and consequently runs into a good round sum. The mercantile world will assuredly have the monopoly of what is so descriptively termed the "bitty" costume, the exclusive few reserving to themselves the daring of a sublime simplicity.

One of the most attractive residential estates in the favourite Newbury district, known as Tile Barn, East Woodhay, has been sold privately by Hampton and Sons at a very satisfactory price. The property consists of a picturesque house, of which the feature is a superb music and billiard room, beautiful pleasure grounds and parklands, stabling and motor garage, several cottages, and a second residence.

"CYCLAX" SKIN REMEDIES

ABBREVIATED LIST OF "CYCLAX" REMEDIES

"CYCLAX" SKIN FOOD.—Nutritive and Emollient. Refreshes and nourishes the Skin as water does the plant. Price **7/6** and **4/-**.

"CYCLAX" SPECIAL LOTION.—The keynote of the proper treatment of the Skin. Cleanses it immediately from all impurities and acidity, blackheads, &c. Price **10/6** and **5/6**.

"CYCLAX" COMPLEXION MILK.—Whitens the Skin. Eradicates all lines. Price **7/6** and **4/-**.

"CYCLAX" SALUSTA LOTION.—Most effective sedative and soothing preparation. Admirable for daily use as protection against extremes of heat and cold. Price **8/6** and **4/6**.

"CYCLAX" REDUCING FLUID—Produces marvellous results in cases of Obesity. Reduces bulk without causing any inconvenience. Absolutely certain and innocuous. Price **10/6** or **12/6**.

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"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION.—Is specially compounded to be used with the above device, and never fails to restore the contour of the Face. Price **7/6**.

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OMO Washes, Bleaches and Purifies all at once

You just add OMO to the water, stir well, put the wash in, and boil for half-an-hour. Let soak a further half-hour, then rinse and hang to dry—that is all. No rubbing; no scrubbing—just OMO. For *White* things of every kind.

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OMO is made by Hudson's—a name famous in every home. It represents all the skill and experience of years of soapmaking, and is sold everywhere in 1d. & 3d. packets

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AT THE 'VARSITIES

THE GOLF MATCH, AND LACROSSE HALF BLUE

Inter-'Varsity Golf Match

The Inter-'Varsity golf match takes place on the 7th prox., and this year a return is made to the links of the St. George's Club at Hoylake. Only twice previously has Hoylake been its venue, in 1906 and 1907, and on both occasions Cambridge were successful, so that it was not altogether surprising that the present Light Blue Captain, Mr. E. S. Ulyat, whose turn it was to make selection, should suggest a return to Liverpool. Last year, it will be remembered, the match was played at Sandwich, when Oxford won by six matches to two; this seaside course had been the scene of the contest on several previous occasions, in 1894 and 1895 and from 1897 to 1903 inclusive. Prior to 1894 Wimbledon was favoured, and sixteen Inter-'Varsity golf encounters, including the one and only halved match in 1896, have taken place on this metropolitan course. Woking once (in 1904) and Sunningdale twice (in 1905 and 1908) have been the other two courses favoured. Most of the honours have fallen to the lot of the Dark Blues, for not only do they boast the longest sequence of wins (from 1899 to 1904 inclusive), but they also have to their credit the record victory of 69 holes to nil, achieved by their great 1900 team, the only 'Varsity side, indeed, which has shown form at all comparable with amateur standard. This year's sides, however, will probably be found to be slightly above average, especially the Oxford eight, the majority of whom are seasoned players, and, judged on current form and reputation alike, the Dark Blues should be successful in this the thirty-second contest. It is infested with more than usual interest, for the 'Varsities are on an equality in the records, each having won on fifteen occasions, so that the victor on this occasion will establish a lead. It is a remarkable fact that this same equality occurred this year in Association football and in the athletic sports also.

Lacrosse

The Oxford University Lacrosse Club has decided to lay the usual application for a half-blue before the Blues' Committee next term in the hope that time will thus be given for a reasoned decision to be arrived at. Thrice previously has a similar request preferred by the lacrosse representatives been refused by the powers that be, and it will be remembered that a year ago the then 'Varsity captain, E. A. H. de Tiel, resigned by way of protest and cancelled the Cambridge match Following all the trouble occasioned, an open meeting was held at the Union Society, and at this it was resolved by a majority of seventy-five votes " that this house regards the lacrosse team as University representatives to the same extent as others of the half-blue clubs, and as such entitled to University colours." In face of this decision by the University in meeting assembled it would only have been a gracious act of the Blues' Committee had they conferred the colours this year. It is much to be hoped that they will now endorse and carry out the evident wishes of the University and bestow the colours. It is unreasonable that a representative set of men playing against the rival 'Varsity which, ever in front of Oxford in these matters, awarded half-blues in 1904, should be without colours—that is to say, without actual status. R. C. R.

The Menu: SOME DELICIOUS PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

Preserved Ginger Pudding

Take two eggs, their weight in sugar, butter, and flour, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and 3oz. of preserved ginger. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and flour, with which the baking-powder should be mixed, then the preserved ginger cut into dice. Beat the eggs, yolks and whites separately, and add the yolks first to the pudding, then the whites. Pour into a buttered mould and steam for one hour and a half. Turn out and pour round a nice cream sauce.

Apple Gateau

Boil 1lb. of loaf sugar in half a pint of water until of a thick syrup. Peel, core, and quarter 2lb. of apples, and cook them in the syrup with the rind of half and the juice of a whole lemon. Meanwhile soak ½oz. of gelatine in a teacupful of water, add to it the apple, stir well over the fire until dissolved. Put all through a sieve and then into a ring mould which has been soaked in cold water; when cold, turn out, stick with almonds, and fill the centre with whipped cream and squares of red-currant jelly.

Rhubarb Fool

Cut about a dozen sticks of the forced rhubarb into small pieces. Put these into a wide jar with 3oz. of castor sugar, and one teacupful of water; then place the jar in the oven and leave until the juice is extracted. Then beat the fruit to a pulp, and rub it through a sieve. Lastly stir in a teacupful of cream. Serve the fool in custard glasses with a little whipped cream on the top of each.

Compôte of Chestnuts

Take thirty chestnuts, remove the outer skin, and place them in a pan of cold water. Bring to the boil, and then remove the second skin, being careful not to break the nuts. Make a syrup with a breakfast-cupful of water, ½lb. of sugar, a glass of sherry, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the chestnuts in this for twenty minutes. Strain the syrup. Place the chestnuts in a dish, pour the syrup over, and serve hot or cold.

Pineapple Sponge (Cold)

Half a pint of grated pineapple, ½oz. of leaf gelatine, one tablespoonful of sherry, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, 2oz. of sugar, and the white of one egg. Dissolve the gelatine in the lemon-juice and a little water, then put it into a saucepan with the pineapple and sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Leave it to cool, first adding the sherry, and when almost cold, add the whites and pour into a mould to set. As pineapples are very reasonable in price just now (very good ones to be bought at 1s. 9*d.* each) it is a good chance to try the above recipe, which will be found excellent.

Banana Salad

Peel six good-sized bananas and cut them into slices (moderately thick), cover the bottom of a glass dish with these, then peel and slice two or three oranges, carefully removing all pips, and lay the slices on the top of the sliced bananas. Sprinkle over this some white sugar, then put another layer of bananas, oranges, and sugar. Prepare this dish four or five hours before it is required, as it gives the ingredients time to amalgamate. EMILIA.

The Days of the Wooden Walls

Are we as Britishers ready to work again, if need require, noble deeds of pluck, prowess and perseverance, such as made the old name " British " sound out before the world as that of a nation yielding place to none in the matters of courage and strength? The bulldog pluck that was part of the character of the intrepid souls who sailed with Nelson in the wooden walls, or fought with Wellington on the field of Waterloo, is still a feature of our temperament. But *will* to do is one thing; *ability* to do another. Keep the people fit by every means at command. Choose food rich in nutriment, abundant in vitalising properties. There is no more wholesome food, and none so beneficial to the humanity as that which contains Currants. Currants have been proved to be more bounteous in nutriment of a kind than meat, and no fruit at man's command has so invigorating an effect upon body and brain. Your grocer will supply you free on request with a little book, entitled " Home Recipes for Cooking Currants," which gives a great variety of Currant recipes.

HOW IS YOUR LIVER?

If your Liver is right your stomach is right. That is surely the truth. If you have Dyspepsia, Wind, Constipation and its kindred ills, don't blame your poor old stomach. It is suffering for your sins either of commission or omission. Take **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** To-day. Work and play will be alike enjoyable, for "they do touch the liver," and so gently as not to gripe or nauseate. Try them. If the Liver is sluggish the body will not be nourished, no matter what you eat.

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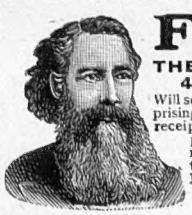

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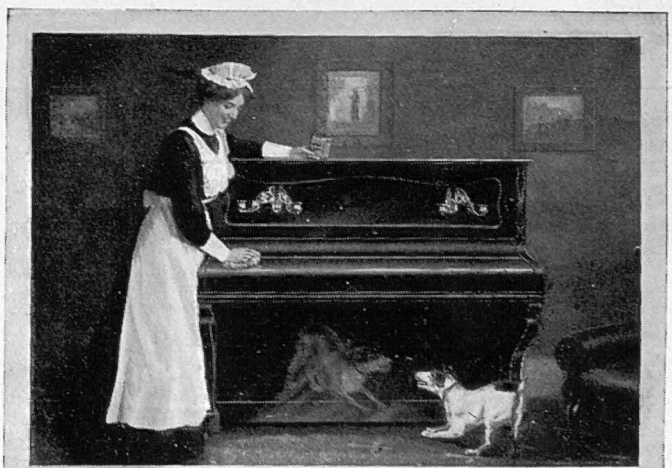

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The Editor's Box

G.W.R. Innovation

An arrangement has been made by the Great Western Railway which is likely to prove a striking success. Parcels can now be taken to any of the Company's stations and booked to the United States, Canada, and all other parts of the world. The usefulness of this innovation will at once be appreciated when it is remembered that the public are not generally well-acquainted with the routine of forwarding parcels to places outside their own country. In future, therefore, senders of parcels abroad will no doubt find it greatly to their convenience simply to hand in their consignments to the nearest Great Western station, where, of course, all information regarding rates, together with insurance, etc., charges, can be obtained.

Horse Shows and the Horse Supply

The Richmond Horse Show Society has done, and continues to do, much to create and to foster an interest in horses. Motor traction has hit the horse industry hard, but signs are not wanting of an awakening and increasing interest in all matters concerning the horse. The national question of the horse supply is rapidly assuming a grave character, and its adequate treatment must inevitably synchronise with an unprecedented popularity for horses and all that concerns them. With the inception of the development fund, State-aided horse-breeding, especially of the lighter classes, is likely to receive a much-needed impetus, for the serious and increasing shortage of horses for military purposes can only be described as alarming. Horse shows promise to become more popular than ever, and to attain an importance hitherto unknown as recognised centres, not only for the transaction of much business, but for the discussion of the many questions of moment that are looming large in the horse world to-day.

Molassine Dividend

The Molassine Company, Ltd., manufacturers of Molassine Meal and Molassine Dog Foods, have declared an interim dividend of 5 per cent. on ordinary shares, which was payable on the 15th ult.

Parquetine, a New Floor Covering

Many attempts have been made to provide an artistic, effective substitute for linoleum, etc., for rooms, halls, and surrounds to carpets. As the result of many years' experience, the Westminster Patent Flooring Company have placed on the market parquetine, of which large quantities have been supplied to customers in the United Kingdom, Colonies, and abroad. The parquetine is sent out ready for laying, planed and waxed. Dust and dirt are consequently avoided. It is not necessary even to remove the furniture. The parquetine can be fixed permanently to the floor if desired, and from actual tests and considerable experience it is perfectly sound and satisfactory when temporarily laid, so as to be easily removable. Sample pieces can be sent if desired. The designs are very artistic and effective, and its superiority over any other floor covering will be quite evident on trial order. The Company has newly erected premises at Heckfield Place, Walham Green, S.W.

Death to Fires

The man who is prepared to swear by all that he holds sacred that nothing but water ever did, ever could, or ever would conquer fire, after watching a raging, roaring flame many feet high die out almost instantaneously when a quantity of powder from a tube is sprinkled on it, must admit that there is something in "Kyl-Fyre," the wonderful extinguisher. Tribute has been paid to the marvels of "Kyl-Fyre" in hundreds of letters from people who have been able to test its worth by practical experience. That "Kyl-Fyre" does kill fires there can be no doubt. There are, and have been, other fire extinguishers, but the great difference between them and "Kyl-Fyre" is that they are liquid. "Kyl-Fyre" is just a dry powder, and it has no injurious effect after use. "Kyl-Fyre" instantly extinguishes fire, whatever the cause. Tubes of "Kyl-Fyre" are sold at 5*s.* each, and over 1,500,000 are in use. The sole proprietors and manufacturers are "Kyl-Fyre," Ltd., Eastbourne.

Grande Chartreuse

The unanimous judgment given recently by the House of Lords in favour of the Chartreux Monks brings to a final conclusion the litigation of which we have heard so much in past years between the monks of the Grande Chartreuse and the liquidator of their properties appointed by the French Government or his successors. As our readers will remember, the Fathers of "La Grande Chartreuse," who for so many generations have kept intact the secret of the manufacture of their famous liqueur, were in 1903 expelled from France by the French Government, and all their property confiscated. The litigation in England was initiated by the representatives of the monks here to prevent the sale of a spurious liqueur which was being made and sold under the name of Chartreuse by the people who had thus acquired in France the power to use the trade marks of the Monks. All this, however, is now happily ended by the judgment of the House of Lords.

Literary Note

Mr. Arthur E. P. Weigall, Chief Inspector of Antiquities in Upper Egypt, has prepared "A Guide to the Antiquities of Upper Egypt, from Abydos to the Sudan Frontier," for the use of those who visit the famous ruins in his charge—Abydos, Denderch, Thebes, Luxor, Karnak, Esneh, El Kab, Edfu, Kom Ombo, Aswan, Philæ, Abu Simbel, and the intermediate antiquities. In the case of each a detailed history of the site is given, followed by a full description of the ruins, accompanied by plans upon which all the important points are clearly numbered, so that the reader may easily find his way about. Messrs. Methuen will publish the work on April 7.

Karswood Creosote

Catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, influenza, colds, whooping cough, etc., are immediately cured by a few drops of Karswood Creosote on your handkerchief and pillow at night. 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.*, sprinkler top bottles. —E. G. Hughes, Chem., 17, Deansgate, Manchester.

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